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MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS

OF THE LATE

SAMUEL J. SMITH,

OF BURLINGTON, N. J.

Collected and Arranged by One of the Family.

WITH A NOTICE ILLUSTRATIVE OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

——"Not a beauty blows,
And not an op'ning blossom breathes, in vain."

PHILADELPHIA:
HENRY PERKINS, 134 CHESTNUT STREET.
BOSTON:
PERKINS & MARVIN, 114 WASHINGTON STREET.
1836.

Phebe Field.

With the best wishes of
affectionate friend and cous.

H. B. Mott.

10th mo 10th 1840

Drawn by J. Collins

Engraved by

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS

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A. WALDIE, PR.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

When those who have been distinguished for their integrity, and whom Providence has blessed with superior talents, are removed to another state of existence, the fruits of those talents, and the example of that integrity, in some cases, become properly the portion of their fellow beings; and in the hope that an humble sketch of the character of one who did "good by stealth," and sought not the voice of fame, may not be unacceptable, the following brief memoir is, with diffidence, presented to the public.

The late SAMUEL J. SMITH was descended from a family living in Yorkshire, England, in 1593, some of whom emigrated to this country, and were among the early settlers in New Jersey. For several generations they were employed in civil offices during the colonial government, though, as members of the religious society of Friends, their principles forbade their taking an active part in the conflict which severed these States from their parent stem. His grandfather, Samuel Smith, the author of the "History of New Jersey, written in 1765, (the only standard history of that state,) filled the office of treasurer while it was a

province, under George III.; and subsequently, he and his two sons were usefully engaged as able members in the legislative councils of the state. Joseph, the elder, was early married to a daughter of Samuel Burling, an amiable woman, of acute understanding and pleasing manners; and settling on a farm about nine miles from the city of Burlington in New Jersey, their son Samuel, the subject of the present memoir, was there born, in the autumn of the year 1771. His mother was taken from him by death when he was scarcely two years old, and leaving no other child to share with him the affection of his father, he became the absorbing object of his doting fondness. Although a man of strong and cultivated mind, and so distinguished for the soundness of his judgment as to be frequently resorted to by strangers for counsel and direction, yet he suffered paternal affection so far to predominate, as almost to unnerve his hand and disqualify him for the exercise of wholesome discipline in early childhood, even when a looker-on might perhaps have deemed the occasion an imperative call for it. The darling, almost the idol, of the family, not only from his father but from every individual of it he found unbounded indulgence in his childish whims. From his earliest years he loved retirement; and, resisting every effort to bring him into company, this love acquired strength and grew with his growth, till habit had confirmed a predilection which, perhaps, a different education might have overcome. Even at this early period he gave evidence of more than common quickness of perception, firmness of purpose, and promptitude of action; together with a strong will, which, as might be supposed, was under

but little restraint. While thus, in the morning of life, wearing the reins almost upon his own neck, the preserving hand of Providence conducted him through its perils in safety. When it was judged proper to send him to school, and he had been brought by arguments, persuasions and bribes, to the point of passive submission; his grandfather at length, as he flattered himself, deposited him safely there, and, well pleased with the achievement, had hardly returned, when he found the young pupil had escaped; and as he has himself said in his "Address to A, B, C & Co." he was indeed—"at home as soon as he was!" Nor were their subsequent endeavours to give him the rudiments of education, by the common course of public or private instruction, attended with much better success. As well might they have attempted to lure the young partridge from his fields, and teach him the sober habits of domestic fowls, as to confine this untamed spirit within the walls of a school-room, to initiate him in the dull routine of commonplace study there. With a natural diffidence, approaching to shyness and reserve, the company of boys of his own age offered no attraction; and, accustomed to depend upon himself for amusement, while rambling at large on his father's farm, the vast field of nature was his school, and the God of nature became his effectual teacher, in shedding the rich dew of his grace on his young heart, and directing its early aspirations to Himself.

Though he was regularly entered, the whole time passed at public school, at intervals, amounted but to a few

months. Yet, while his father yielded to this aversion, rather than compel his attendance, the principles of morality and religion were implanted in his mind with assiduous care, which taking deep root, with the Divine blessing produced an abundant harvest.

His father had formed a second connexion in marriage, with a sensible and amiable woman, (a sister of the late well-known and respected Dr. Thomas C. James, of Philadelphia.) But this produced no change in the family management with respect to the young poet. The gentle, yielding temper of his stepmother required of him no sacrifice of his inclination, and they had no other child to divide with him their tenderness. Though living thus in the retirement of the country, without any companion of his own age, yet a consciousness of deficiency soon awakened a spirit of emulation, which acted as a sufficient stimulus; and, with a determined will to instruct himself, and little aid from any teacher, he acquired, at a much earlier age than usual, the elementary parts of a good education; and by application soon surmounted every difficulty in the first steps to the fair fields of intellectual cultivation. A taste for literature once acquired, it was pursued with eager delight; his powerful mind took in, almost at a glance, the subject presented to it, and soon penetrated through all its intricacies. With the advantage also of a strong memory, he retained so perfect a knowledge of what he had once read, as rarely to give it a second perusal. Possessing a good library, and seizing with avidity on every book within his reach, the flowers that grew in the regions of imagination and poetry

were congenial to his taste, in his juvenile years. In later life he used to remark, that the works of fiction which at the former period passed current were, with few exceptions, trash beneath contempt. His mind a luxuriant soil, in which sprang up spontaneously the richest flowers of fancy and of feeling, he loved to "converse with his own thoughts." Accustomed to think for himself, when he believed it right to pursue any object, prompt and energetic exertion was the immediate result of such conviction. He had believed that a child, by being conversant with the best authors, might attain a sufficient knowledge of grammar to speak and write correctly without submitting to the drudgery of a regular study of its rules; and, however erroneous this conclusion might be in general practice, he verified its truth in his own example, for his writing and conversation combined accuracy, strength, and gracefulness.

The following passages from some of his early letters to the late Thomas C. James, M. D., of Philadelphia, (which were kindly furnished by the family of the latter,) may serve as a specimen of his style at that time. Similarity of taste, as well as family connexion, had united them in close bonds of friendship; and he afterwards expressed a grateful sense of the kindness of the doctor, who was by several years his senior, in bestowing so much time and pains in cultivating a correspondence with him in his early youth.

"Burlington, Nov. 28th, 1784.

"My Dear Friend,

* * * * * * *

——"I congratulate thee on thy new profession, * * * * * * * ; but perhaps I, immured in the regions of solitude, cannot discern those graces in physic, which to the more refined eye of a polished citizen are perfectly visible. I must beg a moment which is not employed at Doctor's Hall, for the perusal of the following journal of a day.

* * * * * * *

"If thou hast any entertaining book at hand, by sending it thou wilt very much oblige thine affectionately,

"Sam'l J. Smith.

"P.S.—Pray send me a Latin grammar."

1785.

* * * * * * *

——"I hope to find a good deal of amusement in the perusal of the pamphlet, as I have plenty of leisure minutes, but they are by no means dull, for I am of a cast of those who can relish an entertaining book as much in private, as others do the noise and bustle of city life.

'Of ancient writ, unlock the learned store,
Consult the dead, and live past ages o'er.'

——"Thou need not be so very cautious, for I turned critic merely for want of something better to write upon, and I hope thou wilt not apply to me—

'Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd,
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last.'"

"Hickory Grove, Sept. 5th, 1785.

* * * * * * *

"These groves first saw me try my tender wing,
They saw me, trembling, strike the tuneful string;
Plain artless nature taught my lines to flow,
Unknown to beauty, as devoid of show;
Be not surprised, then, at this want of art,
The genuine dictates of the simplest heart.

"These shades could ever yield some joy to me,
But doubly pleasing, since approved by thee;
For now new music sounds in all our groves,
New charms disclosing, for my friend approves.
Oft have I sat beneath the cooling shade,
And fondly waited inspiration's aid;
Or racked my hard-bound, dull, and barren brains,
With imitating thy melodious strains,
In vain: alas! I find no muses there,
And emulation 's darkened by despair.
Perhaps e'en now thy vigorous fancy roves
Through the bright mazes of Parnassian groves;
While I, dark groping o'er a humbler hill,
Admire the murmurs of yon winding rill;
Or sauntering idly up the shady road,
(The path my friend so oft with pleasure trod,
While Phœbus setting glanced along the green,)
Enjoy the beauties of the evening scene,

And as the landscape charms, my artless tongue
Breaks out in ends of verse and scraps of song.
"O sacred Nature! undefiled by art,
What heavenly feelings can thy charms impart:
Let new-spun coxcombs daily come from France,
Let grey-haired matrons learn to play and dance—
Here let me live, till Death's stern sovereign call,
Alike unenvied, and unenvying all;
And as my pleasures, passions, all give way,
Sink to the grave by unperceived decay:
There unregretted, undistinguished, rot,
'The world forgetting, by the world forgot.'"

"Hickory Grove, '86.

——"I think it is not unamusing to peruse the different apologies of authors upon appearing in print. Shenstone, if I remember right, ridicules every mode, and still leaves the matter in the dark—Johnson says a friendly letter is a cool and deliberate performance, composed in the stillness of solitude and retirement. But the truth (in my humble opinion at least) is, that those in retirement are apt to resign themselves up to a habit of indolence, especially with regard to writing. The speaking of retirement recalls to my remembrance a curious story recorded in Bacon's collection of Apophthegms:—An old rat, being dissatisfied with the world, retired into his hole, and forbade, upon the severest penalties, any one to approach him; at length one, more bold than the rest, ventured down, and found the old gentleman sitting very contentedly in the midst of a rich Parmesan cheese."

* * * * * *

"'The brittle forest clad in silver frost,
Its beauty withered and its verdure lost,'
Can preach more strongly to the pensive eye,
Than long dull volumes on morality."

* * * * * *

"A rival's fame to those who write,
Ne'er fails to bring a hippish sprite,
Whether they waste their precious time
In scribbling sleepy prose or rhyme.
For sooner shall a lawyer shun sense,
And lose a fee, for sake of conscience;
Sooner the healing tribe regret
A sickly season damp and wet,
Than he who toils for crown of bays
With pleasure hear another's praise."

* * * * * *

"As to poor Pegasus, I had almost forgot that there was such a horse; however I am much obliged to thee for mentioning him, and thereby putting me in mind of a request I formerly made that thou would take the trouble to burn every scrawl of poetry bearing my name, in thy possession; by doing which thou wilt greatly and truly oblige me. For I am determined that before Pegasus gets a new coat, his old one shall be destroyed, at least to the utmost of my power. * * * *

"All the common topics proper for an epistle have been so often discussed, that they are as difficult to manage as Robinson Crusoe's long boat. This scrawl was not produced (believe me) without labour both of mind and body. Now

confess I am honest, I might as easily have said 'I snatched a leisure moment, &c. &c. &c.' and as an excuse for so doing, plead the example of divers eminent persons; yea, even the makers of verses in this our day endeavour and labour exceedingly to convince the reader that they write for their amusement, alias satisfaction, only."

* * * * * * *

"I cannot believe that the tinder placed by nature in a poet's mind is wholly erased from that of my friend. But why put off writing till nature puts on her smiling robe? I cannot conceive that one is more able to write at one time than at another. Inclination may certainly be greater at some times than at others, and I should imagine it to be greater in the winter than at other seasons. In the winter there are few outward objects pleasing enough to attract attention; the mind retires inward, and is pleased with recollections, reflection, and description.

"I am entirely of thy opinion with respect to the purposes to which poetry should properly be applied. It may promote the interest of morality and virtue, and be made subservient to religion and the happiness of mankind; and we have only to regret that it has not oftener been directed to such noble purposes. Young and Watts have indeed succeeded in sacred poetry, but their example will not warrant or excuse the attempts of others. Truths so sublime are rather degraded than exalted by the poetical garb."

* * * * * * *

"Prose composition is certainly more useful than poetry, but poetry is not only more pleasing to the reader

(if it is good) but more easy to the writer, at least I think so. As to Dr. Franklin's opinion of poetry, not all the Franklins 'twixt this and Lilliput can make me alter my opinion. The doctor may be a great philosopher and politician, but (with submission) I conceive he is not a judge of poetry.

"My mother has written to-day, and I suppose told you the old story, that we are all well, the cow excepted formerly mentioned, who seems to be, I don't know how; but it is pretty plain she wants the doctor here, and so do I.

"Thine sincerely, S. J. S."

"Hickory Grove, '87.

"My Dear Friend,

* * * * * * *

"This letter is like a rag carpet, made up one scarcely knows of what—there is a simile! which if I had time and genius, and a good pen and darker ink, I could enlarge upon, and by much handling, and traveling about it and about it, would make it as smooth and shining as that dog's black ear, that's sleeping on the floor:

'In works of wit, the critics all agree
That nothing tickles like a simile.'"

* * * * * * *

'87.

"It is my solid opinion that J. T. &c. would recruit much sooner if they were here, where they might smell the wounded bosom of mother earth, commonly called ploughed ground; at least they would do better any where than in that dismal hive of doleful beings, yclept a city.

"Thine sincerely, SAMUEL J. SMITH."

His father had removed to reside upon his patrimonial estate, Hickory Grove, a mile from the city of Burlington, in New Jersey, when his son was not more than four years of age. He had grown up in its shades, and had ample scope for the pursuit of his favourite employments. He was not only an excellent theoretic, but a good practical farmer: cultivating his ground with judicious care, and watching over his horses, his cattle, his flocks of poultry, and every living animal within his jurisdiction, with a humane and tender attention to their accommodation and pleasure, which often led him to sacrifice his own; with, perhaps, an over solicitude that they should not be subjected to hard usage, and that nothing might be omitted which could promote their comfort. Delighting in his agricultural avocations, as affording the best field for tracing the hand of a beneficent Creator in his vegetable and animal kingdoms; and possessing a fortune sufficient to enable him to furnish employment, and the means of living, to many of the poor in his neighbourhood, he dispensed the blessing with a liberality equalled only by the delicacy with which he bestowed his bounty. For this noble kind of generosity, which retires from observation, he was remarkable. His munificent acts were of so frequent recurrence, that on the writer asking his housekeeper to relate some instances of them, she answered, "they could not be mentioned—they were continual."

In tracing the history of an individual whose writings have interested us, we naturally wish to know something of the form in which this mind was clothed.

In person he was of the common size; with a peculiar expression of sweetness and benevolence, his whole countenance was enlightened by a look of animated intelligence, which varied with every changing emotion, and could scarcely fail to attract the attention of a stranger, as belonging to no common character. While dwelling in the seclusion of his beloved Hickory Grove, his mind, with a rapidity which always marked its movements, embraced every subject of general interest, whether literary, moral, civil or political. His vicinity to Burlington, and easy communication with Philadelphia, furnished him with the opportunity of readily obtaining supplies of books, and receiving nearly all the best periodical publications; the din of men was thus heard in his retreat, and he possessed a general knowledge of what was passing in the world around him—a world which he had shut out, though with a heart glowing with the warmest feelings of genuine philanthropy towards the whole human family, and desirous of contributing to their comfort in any way, except by giving them his society. And yet those who would dispense with the ceremony of a formal or particular invitation, and the return which custom requires, and would take the trouble to make him a voluntary visit, ever found a kind reception, were hospitably entertained, and were well repaid by the rich variety of his conversation; occasionally sparkling with wit, and full of playful humour, peculiarly his own; or sanctified by pious feeling, and meditation on sacred things. His well stored memory abounded in anecdotes, with which he frequently illustrated his subjects, and which lost nothing of their point

and spirit by his manner of relating them. A few times in early life, he broke through his habits of retirement to go on short excursions from home. Once with two friends, the journey even extended into a few neighbouring states; and in that one visit he observed and learned more than many travellers, who have wandered over a much greater extent of country, with their eyes not so widely open to profit by every object they encounter. Returning his father's love with the warmest affection and duty of a son, his attachments centred in his own family; and though his "Elegy written in a Burial Ground," might lead to the belief that some one had awakened a more tender regard, yet he never married; and it is probable that no stronger sentiment than a high estimation and respect for female worth, ever found an entrance to his heart. While thus pursuing the strong bent of his taste, and contemplating the hand of Providence in his works, few have ever listened to the "tongues in trees," or studied the "books in the running brooks" with more heart-felt attention and profit. In addition to agricultural knowledge, he possessed no small degree of mechanical genius, which was often in requisition for the supply and repair of machinery on the farm. Although in this he was self-taught, yet he could, it was thought, had necessity demanded it, have earned a subsistence, as an artisan, by several distinct mechanical employments. Some of his cabinet work, for his young relatives, for ingenuity and finished neatness, could hardly have been excelled by those regularly trained to the art. An amiable trait of character was manifested, not only in taking this pains for the gratification of children, but when

in the company of young persons, he encouraged them to exert their talents, repeating the recommendation to "aim always at the eagle, if they only brought down a sparrow;" and by kind notice and respectful attention to their opinions, he called their intellectual powers into exercise, and it usually had the effect of increasing the confidence of the timid, and adding to the good humour and spirit of conversation.

With an utter abhorrence of idleness, few have led a more uniformly active and industrious life, or have been more constantly engaged in useful employment, when not for himself, for the benefit of others. It was his invariable custom to rise at four o'clock, or not later in summer, and at five in winter, and begin the day in religious retirement and meditation, and reading a portion of the sacred volume; for which he entertained a high value, earnestly endeavouring to form his life by its divine precepts. His mind thus imbued with religious feeling, cheerful, and attuned to harmony with the objects in creation, he liked not to hear in a tone of complaint the world called a "desert"—"dreary"—"comfortless"—"a vale of tears," thinking such terms savoured of ingratitude; a world which is in truth, as he sometimes said, "bright and beautiful, too good for man, whose follies and vices alone make it otherwise." His love for the Creator extended to his humblest creatures. The birds around the house were carefully protected; little comfortable dwellings for them, the work of his hands, placed in the corners of the piazza and on the trees, were regularly tenanted, while the squirrels,

almost tame, leaped fearlessly among the branches; and few persons have taken more pains to "step aside and let the reptile live," than he to avoid destroying the insects in his path. Even the very rose bugs that were regaling upon the grape vines which he had carefully reared, he would brush off, rather than destroy, merely answering, once when this was remarked, "it would take many of us to make a rose bug!" and not until the tribe became too numerous to be longer tolerated, did they receive at his hand the common doom. The society of his beloved and honoured father was continued to him for many years. The fondest wish of a parent's heart had been gratified in the character of his son, who watched his declining health with the most tender and unremitting attention, until deprived by death of this intelligent friend and counsellor. Although his loss was keenly felt, comparable, as he once expressed it, to "losing a right arm," his step-mother was preserved to him some years longer; and he lived in the enjoyment of affectionate family intercourse with a few near relatives, who resided at a short distance. Yet, notwithstanding this, many hours in his own habitation were passed alone, and persons in general would have deemed the latter part of his life solitary. But, in answer to remarks upon the loneliness of his situation, he has more than once said "he knew not what the feeling of solitude was!—that he had never known a lonely half hour!" wondering how others could feel it, there was such a "world within," it left no room for solitude. Two enormous Newfoundland dogs formed no unimportant link in his domestic establish-

ment; fond of dogs in general, for their fidelity, these two were his playthings and favourites. When he was seated with his books, one of these huge animals was usually found at his feet, waiting for the kind notice he was always sure to receive.

The *amor patriæ* was with him a strong sentiment. He loved to observe the rising greatness of our country, her progress in the arts and sciences, and was a lenient judge, and patron of her literature. It was under a sense of the many advantages and blessings which we enjoy as a nation, that he says, in one of his youthful essays—

"Reflect, Columbians, to your God
What thanks, what heartfelt thanks are due;
While others feel his chastening rod,
His choicest gifts are showered on you."

In thirty years he had not even visited Philadelphia, nor in that space of time had he been perhaps more than fifteen miles beyond his own domain, and then only when business, sometimes of a public nature, called him; for he not only contributed to the public benefit from his purse, but often gave his personal attention, on different services, for the city and county in which he resided. A strict regard for truth, in the minutest particular, was a striking trait in his character. In his view, no embellishments of fancy, nor the wit or humour of any jest in conversation, furnished the least apology for its slightest violation. With habitual care on this point, he was scrupulously exact in the

performance of every *promise*, whether expressed or only implied. This practice embraced *small* things as well as great; acting upon the principle of "putting not off till to-morrow, that which should be done to-day," his nice sense of rectitude prompted him punctually to discharge every kind of debt, whether small or great, as early as practicable after it was due, to those who were constantly in his employ as well as to others. Of care in this respect, he was remarked as a singular example. He had beautified his grounds with shrubbery and flowers, in which he took much pleasure, contemplating them with the eye, and the mind, of a poet and a christian. Gardening, he thought, might not inaptly be termed the "poetry of farming." His large flock of poultry of various kinds, with the gay plumage of the peacock interspersed, contributed to cheer the winter scene. These, knowing the hand that fed them, assembled round him morning and evening for their bountiful supply of grain. And he has even been accused of feeding the poor famished crows, in the severity of winter, forgiving their summer depredations on his corn fields. His poultry, so cared for in life, he humanely endeavoured to save from unnecessary pain in death; and in order to effect this as speedily as possible, he always caused their heads to be taken off, rather than incur the risk of protracted suffering for them, by taking their lives according to the usual method.

His constitution continued firm, and his activity unimpaired, till within a year or two of his decease, when his health began visibly to decline; and when the undeniable

messenger arrived, in a deeply humbling sense of his own nothingness he expressed his only hope and trust in the mercy of God, through his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, whose supporting arm was evidently underneath, and sustained him in quietness of soul during the conflict of expiring nature. Although, with characteristic diffidence, he spoke little of himself, his business in this world was finished; and so entirely resigned was his will to that of his Heavenly Father, that, as he expressed to his sorrowing attendants, "he dared not pray for life or death;" and with a mind clear and unclouded he breathed his last, in sweet calmness and peace, on the fourteenth of the eleventh month, 1835, in the 64th year of his age, leaving many to mourn the loss of a generous friend and benefactor.

The miscellaneous essays which form the present collection, were written at the solicitation of friends, or for the amusement of a leisure hour. Some of them were never before published—some, not intended for publication, found their way to the press without his knowledge. And those which were written for that purpose, were scattered, by their author, without a name, in the periodical papers of the day.

He wrote with ease and rapidity, but, with true modesty, he was a severe critic on the productions of his own pen, and consigned them to the flames with little mercy; never preserving the manuscripts, even of those which were given to the world. They were written, neither for profit

nor for fame, but in the humble hope that the lessons of morality and religion, which are inculcated in most of them, might awaken in the reader some serious thought. His character is indeed so truly delineated in his writings, as to render any other description of him almost superfluous.

POEMS AND ESSAYS.

AN INDIAN ECLOGUE.

Scene—The Banks of the Ohio. Time—Morning.

Scarce had the morn her orient course begun,
Or early breezes fanned the rising sun,
When Mingo on Ohio's margin stood,
And told his sorrows to the gliding flood:—

"With love of glory would the chiefs inflame
My breast, and lead me to the field of fame:
In vain, with glee, they show their scalps and scars,
The glorious trophies of their former wars;
On me their praises and reproofs are lost,
No flame but love, but scorching love, I boast;
The nimble Laura does my breast inspire,
Wakes every sense, and sets me all on fire:
Enraptured while I view her yellow neck,
As soft as bear-grease, and as beaver sleek,
From her gray eyes the living lightnings rush,
Like the fresh dew-drops glittering through a bush.

But vain my songs re-echo through the shade,
Nor vows nor tears can move the haughty maid.
E'en late I met her fainting in the track,
Her child and blanket dangling at her back;
Scarce moved her feet beneath the heavy load,
And drops of sweat bedewed the groaning road.

" Yet other nymphs with fruitless ardour burn,
And feel a passion I can ne'er return.
In vain, with gifts of fish, Agolla strove
To shake my constancy and win my love;
Her rough advances like a skunk I shun,
And from her face with eager footsteps run.
But vain my songs re-echo through the grove,
Nor vows nor tears the haughty maid can move:
Then cease these fruitless plaints—I 'll take my spear,
And through the forest chase the shaggy bear;
The bounding buck shall own my oft-tried art,
And feel this arrow rankling in his heart."

A*****

AN INDIAN ECLOGUE.*

"Not with more haste the panting doe removes
To closer coverts, and more distant groves,
When on her haunts the prowling wolves encroach,
And tainted breezes tell the foe's approach,
Than Tuxa flies his Agathol to meet,
And lay his sylvan trophies at her feet."

Thus sang Gatuxa, 'mid the echoing grove,
While bending poplars learned the tale of love.
Oh! happy morn, supremely blest, he cries,
When Agathol first met my ravished eyes:
'Twas on the day that joy unrivalled reigns,
And all the fair were gathered on the plains,
When valiant Mingo led his bride away,
And laughing pleasure ruled the festive day.

"But see! she comes! my Agathola comes!
How shines her forehead, and how slim her thumbs!
What heavenly charms her tawny breasts unfold!
And neck more yellow than Peruvian gold!
High through her nose a painted feather hung;
Words, smooth as acorns, dropping from her tongue;

* This, and the preceding, were written at fifteen years of age.

O'er her sleek form with decent care was spread
A splendid blanket, striped with blue and red,
While bits of tin and brass upon her toes,
With melting clatter, tinkle as she goes.
But ah! how fruitless are the attempts to draw
A *perfect* 'semblance of my peerless squaw!
Full long the nymph, by noblest motives swayed,
Withstood my suit, while lingering in the shade;
But when bright glory raised the tribe to arms,
And all the forest rung with loud alarms,
She willing followed all the sultry day,
Nor wept, nor grumbled, at the tedious way;
And urged by her, I drew the twanging bow
With tenfold ardour on the flying foe."

A*****

THE BACHELOR.

While some in lively strains relate
The pleasures of the married state,
Shall bachelors unsung remain,
A ridiculed, though harmless train?
A scribbler's name I covet not,
This hour admired, the next forgot,
And useless, thrown neglected by,
In dusty heaps his labours lie;
I only wish, devoid of pride,
Whatever fate
My songs await,
To sing my happy fire-side.

No helpless infant's hated squalls
Are ever heard within my walls;
Nor does a scolding headstrong wife
Disturb the quiet of my life;
Lord of my house, I sit at ease,
And smoke my pipe whene'er I please;
Whilst thou, dear John, to woman tied,
By cradle's toys,
And restless boys,
See'st occupied thy fire-side.

What though I every day may see
Numbers wealthier far than me,

In glittering equipages go,
While I must foot it, rain or snow:
Though at my table nought be seen,
But wholesome viands, plain and clean,
Yet still I am with gold supplied,
"Enough to give
The means to live,"
To some who have no fire-side.

There are, who obstinate and vain,
Exult in bonds, and hug the chain;
Let these the sweets of wedlock boast,
And toil to "gild a rotten post."
See Crito, needy and forlorn,
In sackcloth curse his bridal morn;
Blest with a fashionable bride,
He's forced to roam,
Or teased at home,
And ne'er enjoys his fire-side.

Let others tell the joys of love,
But keep me from them, powers above!
Preserve me from that plague of life,
A froward and expensive wife.
But lest my choice should wrongly fall,
E'en let me have no wife at all;
But still to gentle peace allied,
With smiles survey
Each new-born day,
And still enjoy my fire-side.

STANZAS.

Sweet is friendship's sacred flame,
  Sweet is fancy's magic power,
Sweet the breath of well-earned fame,
  Sweet each self-approving hour:

Sweet the peace their bosoms know,
  Who bid the sorrowing cease to sigh:
And sweet the stealing tears that flow
    From dove-like Pity's pensive eye:

But sweeter far the joy, when Hymen binds
In his soft fetters two congenial minds;
His torch, unlike the meteor's transient blaze,
Will gild their prospects with unvarying rays;
The darkest hours of changing life illume,
And spread a radiance round the peaceful tomb.

HYMN.

Almighty Father! deign to hear
A groveling mortal's feeble lays,
Who, filled with wonder, love and fear,
Attempts the rapturous work of praise.

Around the sweetly smiling land,
Where'er I turn my raptured eyes,
I see with joy the powerful hand
That stretched immense yon radiant skies.

When spring returns to glad our land,
Thy bounty robes the laughing vale,
Dead matter wakes at thy command!
And insect millions load the gale.

The glittering dew proclaims thy power,
The springing grass, the waving corn,
And every herb, and every flower,
That scents the roseate breath of morn.

Not less thy hand, All-moving Soul!
In the least, humblest worm, I trace,
Than in yon glorious worlds that roll
Throughout the unmeasured fields of space.

The ploughman plies his annual toil,
For wasting nature to provide;
With jocund heart he turns the soil,
And throws the future harvest wide.

But vain his hopes, his labours vain,
If thou forbid the germ to grow;
'Tis thou must send the genial rain,
And bid the fostering breezes blow.

From thee, exhaustless source of good!
Poor man his little all receives;
Thy bounty flows a boundless flood,
And feeds and blesses all that lives.

O may the portion, Power Divine!
Of thy blest works which here I see,
My groveling thoughts exalt, refine,
And lead my wandering soul to thee.

And while on this dark world I stray,
Do thou o'er all my steps preside,
And bear me o'er each slippery way,
My God, my Father, Friend, and Guide.

ON DRESS.—TO THE LADIES.

WRITTEN IN 1791.

Madam, lay down that novel, if you please,
And try a slice of more salubrious food,
No soup of frogs,—no red-hot fricassees,
To crack the cranium and inflame the blood.
I bring but a small piece of wholesome meat,
Which, when you taste, you'll find both short and sweet.

Oft have I mourned, when I've beheld a troop
Of damsels, bearing on their lovely backs,
A load enough to make Alcides stoop,
Of transatlantic frippery, and nick-nacks:
Then have I thought, at some convenient time
I'd give these girls some good advice in rhyme.

Advice is a mere drug, (you'll say, no doubt,)
And fools, in general, are the first to give it;
In prose and verse 'tis freely dealt about;
But very few think proper to receive it—
Ladies, all this is very true, I grant,
But still 'tis plain, some good advice you *want*:

And I'm inclined to think that mine will please ye,
For various beauties sparkle in my rhyme;
Though strong and nervous, yet how smooth and easy,
And lo! what touches of the true sublime!
So sweet my numbers, you will almost think
I've swilled a hogshead of the Muses' drink.

From small beginnings what great things may rise!
When Mrs. Eve, good mother of ye all,
First thought of dress, one fig-leaf could suffice
For coat and linen, apron, gown, and shawl.
No wish for far-fetched finery filled her breast;
She thought, no doubt, the broadest leaf the best.

For sundry moons, through all her happy race,
This simple, neat, and frugal fashion ran;
'Till some misshapen beau, to shun disgrace,
Or tender belle, improved upon the plan,
And stitched, good souls! a dozen leaves together,
To hide defects, and keep off stormy weather.

Each following age to some new whim gave birth;
But to the present sapient race 'twas given
To ransack all the copious stores of earth,
By Fashion, child of Pride and Folly, driven;
And in the covering of their skins so white,
The different regions of the world unite.

Oh! couldst thou, Eve, from thy long slumber rise,
And view thy daughters, all so fine and fair,

How would amazement open wide thine eyes!
  How, lost in silent wonder, wouldst thou stare
At all the various works of cork and gauze,
The rumps enormous, and terrific craws!

Of all thy children, who so great as we!
  Lo! haughty Europe makes our shirts and cloth;
The West sends sweetening, and the East, d'ye see,
  Dried leaves to make, and cups to hold, our broth:
The world's three quarters, maugre all their fuss,
Are labouring, like so many mules, for us.

(Our rising empire is a babe new-born,
  All fat and lovely, smiling in his cradle;
The nations, nurses kind, who serve in turn—
  One holds the clout, another the pap ladle:
Of sugar drams, this gives him many a sup,
And this in flannel wraps the urchin up.)

There was a time—Columbia's gothic days,
  When maidens spun their wedding-gowns and linen;
But now, so tasty, so refined our ways,
  A homespun gown no wench will stick a pin in;
The veriest dowdy now is too genteel
To waste a moment at the whirling wheel.

Observe yon belles! behold the waspish waist!
  See the broad bishop spreading far behind;
The shawl immense, with uncouth figures graced,
  And veil loose waving in the playful wind;

Mark the huge bonnets, stuck on hills of hair,
Like meteors streaming through the turbid air.

But hold—I've wandered from the end in view,
A mile or more; I only meant, d'ye see,
To give a mouthful of advice or two,
Ladies, and make you patriots, to a she!
Not to arraign your manners—not to hint
A word about your dress, or fashions, in't.

Build on your heads till they o'ertop the trees,
But let the fabric be *our* country work;
Wear bishops still, as monstrous as you please,
But make, oh! make 'em of Columbian cork.
'Tis time to show the proud European elves
That we can dress, as well as feed, ourselves.

Begin, ye fair! adopt the glorious plan;
Reform and shine, in this reforming day!
(And not a soul that bears the name of man,
But, pleased, will follow where you lead the way.)
Equip yourselves, your spouses, and your rooms,
With lasting fabrics from Columbian looms.

No more, when wintry winds inclement rise,
And chilling damps prevail—invite disease;
No more, in garments formed for milder skies,
Start at a cloud, and shudder at a breeze;
But, wrapped in homespun woollen, snug and warm,
Smile at the tempest, and enjoy the storm.

With your own hands, the snowy wool prepare:
  Bid your sweet prattlers sit assisting by;
Health, Peace, and Pleasure shall repay your care,
  And pale Disease the happy mansion fly;
No painful thoughts your midnight hours molest,
But heaven-sent visions lull your souls to rest.

Charissa! were each blooming maid like thee,
  The world would ne'er have seen this well-meant song
And our loved country would, *indeed*, be free
  From those vile shackles she has worn too long.
But ah! how few have sense, like thee, to prize
True home-bred peace, and empty show despise.

'Twas not thy pouting lip, of rosy dye,
  Nor breast, where all the loves delighted rove,
Nor the blue languish of thy speaking eye,
  That in my bosom roused the flame of love;
(Yet thou art fair as Cynthia's softest ray—
More sweet, more lovely, than the new-born day.)

No, no, my fair one! 'twas substantial merit—
  Thy mind, by foolish pride ne'er led astray;
Thy economic, thy industrious spirit—
  Thy love of homespun—bore my heart away.
(Let not this well-earned praise offend thy ear,
By truth dictated, and esteem sincere.)

A LOVE LETTER.

Oh! Molly, Molly, what a thing is love!
It makes the eagle gentle as the dove,
The griping miser *cash* and *bonds* despise,
The wise man foolish, and the foolish wise.

Till this strange passion seized my throbbing breast,
Disturbed my days, and broke my nightly rest,
Serene, unruffled, flowed my tranquil hours,
My mind unconscious of its tuneful powers.
Nay, oft when leisure led me to peruse
The pleasing records of diurnal *news*,
I've shunned the corner where the printers place
The labours of the thriftless rhyming race;
But now I feel the scribbling mania strong,
And not unfrequent ease my brain in song;
And should this letter, which I now indite,
Be found (when finished) pleasing in thy sight,
I'll make *our clerk engross* it fair and clean,
And have it *entered* in the Magazine.

O! never, never, be forgot the night
When first thy beauties met my ravished sight;
Though brilliant fair ones in the circles shone,
My eyes incessant dwelt on thee alone;

How did I joy thy snowy hand to see
Arrange the china, and pour out the tea!
By sudden love o'erwhelmed, O dire mishap!
I poured the scalding liquid in my lap.

Can I forget the morn I chanced to meet
My heart's enslaver in the slippery street;
How did my nerves with fear and horror shrink
To see thee tottering on the gutter's brink!
Impelled by love, I left the sheltering wall,
And spoilt my stockings to prevent thy fall.
Have I not strove to improve thee, and delight,
Thy steps attending to each novel sight?
The lion, circus, theatre, and pig,
The man so small, and elephant so big!
And left the counter on a busy day,
To take thee *gadding* in the gliding sleigh?
'Tis true, although we had not far to go,
I overturned thee in the fleecy snow,
(Not knowing well the nature of a horse,
This discomfiture was a thing of course.)
O may the villain feel the blush of shame,
Who twice assured me that the beast was tame.
But when in future on the *sabbath days*
We take an airing in the one-horse chaise,
Our negro boy shall sit before and guide,
So shall my dear *and self* securely ride.

A rustic genius, if perchance his heart
Is pierced by Cupid's all pervading dart,

Makes flowery meadows his perpetual theme,
A balmy zephyr, or a purling stream;
Informs his fair one of his grass and clover,
And counts in song his pigs and poultry over;
On scenes far different does *my* fancy rove,
Far other objects win my Molly's love.
I joy to wander through my crowded store,
See bales and boxes load the bending floor;
There, Europe's produce fills the wond'ring eye,
And *yonder*, India's splendid treasures lie!
Nynsooks, Mamoodies, Pullicats, Bandannas,
Johanabad, and Chittabully 'Sannas;
Humhums and Mulmuls, Gurrahs and Salgatches,
Cossedas, Allabullys, Nymposatches;
Of Tanda cossas, Terrindams a store,
And Baftas Alliahbad and Luckipore.

O didst thou, Molly, know what pains I take
To make my person pleasing, for *thy* sake!
My dress adjusting with unwearied toil,
My features moulding to the happiest smile,
Sure Pity would thy gentle bosom move,
(Pity, the meek-eyed harbinger of Love:)
And lo! what scenes enlivening Hope displays!
What suns of joy to gild my future days!
It tells me Molly will incline her ear,
And crown my wishes in—*perhaps a year.*

REUBEN.

Philadelphia.

TO THE MEMORY OF WM. LIVINGSTON, LL. D.

LATE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

Written in 1791.

When vulgar souls, when men of common mould,
Slide off the stage, and turn to native dust,
Whether they meet the awful king of death
In the thatch'd cottage or the aspiring dome,
E'en let them lie.

But shall the immortal bard—the patriot sage—
The man to virtue and to science dear—
Whose bosom glowed with Freedom's sacred flame,
And warmest wishes for his country's weal—
Sleep with his fathers in the oblivious grave,
And not a sigh proclaim the public loss?

Shall not the muse attend the mournful bier,
To deck with fragrant wreaths her votary's urn,
And pour her sorrows o'er the illustrious dead?—
Yes, Livingston! and since no abler hand—
No Barlow, Humphreys, Dwight—attunes the lyre,
To pay the tribute to thy memory due,
Even I, the meanest of the muse's train,

Timid, attempt the sadly pleasing task.
Look down, then, from that bright, that bless'd abode,
Where, joining with the radiant sons of light
In hymns divine, of gratitude and praise,
In bliss ineffable! thou sit'st—look down,
And warm my breast with that ethereal flame
Which erst, delightful bard! illumined thine.
Then might I sing, in numbers worthy thee,
The virtues that adorned thy liberal mind;
Thy piety unfeigned—thy judgment sound—
Thy firm integrity—thy honest scorn
Of knaves, wherever found, or great or small—
Thy charity, and warm benevolence,
Which flowed unbounded as the light of heaven,
To no peculiar sect of men confined—
Thy various labours for the public good—
Thy just discernment, and thy taste refined:
And teach, in lays immortal as thy own,
Columbia's sons to emulate thy worth.

Let others trace thee through the splendid scenes
Of public life, amidst thy sage compeers
For legislation met; and tell how oft
Thy worth-discerning country called thee forth,
To guard her interests and defend her cause.
Let these portray thee in that glorious hour,
When, with Columbia's sapient sons convened*—
August assemblage! your united toils,

* The grand convention in 1787.

By patriot zeal and wisdom guided, formed
A work, the envy of the admiring world.

I joy to view thee in an humble sphere,
In the calm, noiseless walks of private life;
And here, O Livingston! thy genius shone
With not less pleasing, though less dazzling rays.

Who shall describe thee in those gentler scenes,
Convivial, when, encircled with thy friends,
Thou pass'dst in social chat the hours away?
Who shall describe thy manners, easy, mild,—
Thy fund of anecdote—thy sprightly wit—
Which, by good nature and by prudence reined,
Ne'er failed to set the table in a roar?

Methinks I see thee in thy rural shade,
Where modest art and simple nature reign,
Turning, with curious hand, the historic page,
Or philosophic; or deceiving time
In gentle dalliance with th' Aonian maids,
Enjoying that delightful solitude—
That learned ease—thou knew'st so well to draw!*

But what avails the elegiac song,
What all the honours that the muse can pay?
Lamented shade! the few, the happy few,
Blest with thy friendship, need no plaintive verse,

* See a poem called "Philosophic Solitude," by Governor Livingston.

To wake remembrance of thy many virtues,
And prompt afresh, the fond, the fruitless tear.

And thy illustrious name, O Livingston!
Shall live and "triumph o'er the lapse of time,"
When this well-meant, this tributary lay,
And he who wrote it, sleep in endless night.

ON SEEING A WREN IN THE MIDST OF WINTER.

Poor little trembler! why hast thou alone
  The winter's rigour thus presumed to try?—
To other lands thy russet friends have flown,
  To groves that wave beneath a kinder sky.

Through the long gloomy night and joyless day,
  Destruction near thee rears its horrid form;
The louring tempest marks thee for its prey,
  And cats, unpitying as the driving storm.

But know, this deluge of o'erwhelming woes,
  This scene terrific, will not long prevail;
Again shall beauty's hand unfold the rose,
  Again shall sweetness float on every gale.

And when thy kindred, in that happier hour,
  Return to visit each remembered tree,
In some sequestered, blossom-covered bower,
  This hand shall fix a peaceful home for thee.

THE LOVE-DOCTOR.

The following correspondence arose from a conversation, in which the author professed the knowledge of a cure for love. To be understood, it will be necessary to give the epistles on both sides.

THE CASE OF AMANDA.

Good doctor, with a piteous face
I come to tell my hopeless case;
You boast such most amazing skill,
That you can cure me, if you will.
I love—alas! too well I know
I love a most enchanting beau!
The sad disorder grows apace
And clouds with care my every grace.
I'll state my feelings first of all,
To know if those you symptoms call;
Know then, a most tormenting pain
Shoots frequent through my heart and brain;
My memory's short, my pulse is low;
I dream of Cupid and his bow;

For several hours I sit and sigh,
And the tear trembles in my eye;
And when I pass a shady grove,
I think upon the swain I love.
A seat beneath a willow tree
Is a mere paradise to me;
A love song, or romantic tale
Of Ralph and Nancy of the vale,
Wakes the soft impulse in my breast,
And robs the sickened soul of rest.
And when I seize the trembling quill,
To write of fountain, or of rill,
Or dedicate a tuneful line
To any female friend of mine,
The treacherous plume at random strays,
And launches forth in Damon's praise.

These are my maladies I own,
Discovered to yourself alone;
And now, good doctor, pray prescribe,
And I 'll prepare the golden bribe.

AMANDA.

Burlington, Wednesday morning, 7 o'clock.

TO AMANDA.

Amanda! with pity I 've read
  The tale of the woes you endure,
And have more than once puzzled my head
  In attempting to find out a cure.

But alas! if my patients complain,
  And tell of their pains with such art,
I must ne'er boast of healing again,
  But endeavour to shield my own heart.

What nostrums, ye gods! can remove,
  What pill or what potion allay,
The heart-rending sorrows of love,
  Or drive the remembrance away?

Thus, vexed and dejected, I cried
  As idly I sauntered along,
When, encircled with glory, I spied
  The Genius of physic and song.

On the breeze of the morning he sailed,
  The Muses encircled his car,
While odours celestial prevailed,
  Throughout the bright regions of air.

"Fond mortal, thy labour is vain,"
With ineffable sweetness, he said,
"No relief can Amanda obtain
From all the receipts in thy head.

"But far in the East,* where I rise,
A skilful physician she 'll find,
To whom if Amanda applies,
She 'll recover her calmness of mind."

ESCULAPIUS.

TO ESCULAPIUS.

Can I journey afar in the East,
This medical genius to find,
Who 's to act as physician and priest,
And prescribe for both body and mind?

'Twas a cruel invention of yours,
To evade what you once undertook,
Since you cannot perform any cures,
But what are put down in your book.

* The gentleman to whom Amanda was afterwards united was then in India

Physicians—an envious band,
Shall snatch the young bays from your head,
And wide o'er Columbia's land
The report of your shame shall be spread.

I 'll tell the fair victims of love,
Who complain of the pangs they endure,
That the doctor of Hickory Grove
May wound, but he never can cure.

There is only one mean in your power,
To prevent this assemblage of ill,
Which is, that in this very hour
You engage to comply with my will.

Bid the son of Latona prepare
A robe of cerulean dye,
Or a still brighter vestment of air,
And convey the young sage through the sky.

Then should he a recipe show
That will yield me contentment of mind,
On him the reward I 'll bestow,
And I hope you won't take it unkind.

But alas! I have nothing to give
But my hand, and an innocent heart,
Which he never would deign to receive
Had I offered another a part.

AMANDA.

TO AMANDA.

Amanda, I cannot conceal
  How much I respect and approve,
The frankness, with which you reveal
  (Since you find you can't conquer) your love.

How many a fair one has pined,
  Yet travelled through life all alone,
Before she 'd unburthen her mind,
  Or make her uneasiness known!

But no longer shall custom prevail
  In defiance of reason and sense:
Amanda has dared to assail
  The monster, and banished him hence.

Disdaining the hypocrite's art,
  She offers, explicit and clear,
To give up her hand and her heart,
  The moment her swain shall appear.

Then Damon, ah! shorten thy stay,
  Leave the East and its treasures behind;
This instant thy canvass display,
  And fly on the wings of the wind.

What pleasure has man here below,
So ecstatic, so nearly divine?
As stemming the torrent of woe,
And that pleasure, blest youth! may be thine.

To the cell of the mourner repair,
The demon of anguish control,
Dispel the dark clouds of her care,
And whisper sweet peace to her soul.

ESCULAPIUS.

TO ESCULAPIUS.

Why so sanguine, good doctor, I pray?
Why flatter yourself and your friend,
That should he his canvass display,
Success would his voyage attend?

'T is a difficult science, he 'll find,
To engage in affairs of the heart;
And to yield me contentment of mind
Consists not in medical art.

That ease which I so much desire
No med'cine can ever bestow,
But the recipe I shall require
I will briefly endeavour to show:

Not a diet of gruel and salt,
To impoverish body and mind,
But treatment that 's kind, to a fault,
With respect and timidity joined.

A character, guileless and bright,
By weakness or folly unstained,
Generosity's heaven-taught flight,
By economy's caution restrained.

The softness, the spirit of youth,
The cool recollection of age,
An adherence to virtue and truth,
And the sacred historical page.

Strong sense, and a justness of thought,
That will all my wild fancies improve,
Ambition, with fortitude fraught,
And dignity softened by love.

A spirit no menace can bend,
Though mildness the point may secure,
A tear for the woes of a friend,
And a purse for the wants of the poor.

That physician, whoever he be,
Who will mix these ingredients with art,
And present the blest compound to me,
Is worthy my hand and my heart.

But pray what assurance have I
That your friend in the East can do this?
Yet you take it for granted, and cry
Come Damon, inherit the bliss!

It is but conjecture, at best,
That he is not an ignorant elf,
Who may prove, if he's brought to the test,
As arrant a quack as yourself.

AMANDA.

TO AMANDA.

Amanda, I beg you'll forgive my delay,
For believe me, the fault was not mine,
I would sooner have answered your beautiful lay,
But I wanted the help of the nine.

And you know that the poet may labour in vain,
  Unless the kind muse will inspire;
And that he 's a blockhead, who troubles his brain
  'Till his bosom is fairly on fire:

Some ages ago, when her votaries were few,
  The muse was a complaisant dame,
The bard who was puzzled, had nothing to do
  But to halloo, and straightway she came;

But now with her endless, vexatious delays,
  The patience of Job would be tired;
I have called her, and waited a score of long days,
  But have not, as yet, been inspired.

Then let her go whistle, I 'll trust to my head,
  And be witty in spite of the trull;
Or if my productions are tinctured with lead,
  It is surely no crime to be dull.

So much for the preface, and now if you choose,
  Amanda, I 'll tell you a dream,
(And sure 't is sufficient, the bard to excuse,
  Who is drowsy, that *you* are his theme.)

In relating a vision, a poet professed
  Would certainly pester the skies,
Or tell you at least, that the genius of rest
  Threw a poppy or two in his eyes:

But such heathenish fables I mortally hate—
Then know, when I opened your last,
And was weighing profoundly your case in my pate,
Sleep's cobweb entangled me fast.

But fancy, unfettered, still busily wrought,
And faithfully stuck to the theme,
Till with scraps of ideas, and fragments of thought,
She patched up the following dream.

So immense that I sought for the boundaries in vain,
A beautiful region I found,
A strange, motley multitude covered the plain,
And darkness encompassed it round.

As, full of surprise, I observed the mad throng,
One, led by the muses, drew nigh,
And I thought as all sadly she journeyed along,
I discovered a tear in her eye.

She was not a goddess, (I will not deceive,)
With sunbeams and clouds at her call,
Nor flaring in fig-leaves, like good mother Eve,
But clad in gown, bonnet, and shawl.

She eyed the poor short-sighted crowd she forsook,
With a mixture of pity and scorn,
But often she cast a long, languishing look
Toward the first blushes of morn:

When approaching more nigh, I perceiv'd she was *crazed*,
For, frequently making a stand,
Like the king at the dumpling, intensely she gazed
On a picture* she held in her hand.

'T was the portrait, I found, of a youth far away,
Who had cruelly set her on flame,
Then hid himself under the chamber of day;
And Damon, she said, was his name.

But whether 't was sketched by the pencil of truth,
Or by fond partiality drawn,
I know not; for ere I could find the loved youth,
I waked, and my vision was gone.

ESCULAPIUS.

* The character drawn in your last.

AN ATTEMPT TO PARAPHRASE SOME PARTS OF

THE TWENTY-FIFTH PSALM.

To Thee, O God! my secret prayers arise,
On Thee with confidence my soul relies;
Fountain of light and life! illume my mind,
To error subject, as by nature blind:
Teach me thy will, and lead me in thy ways,
And teach my tongue to lisp the notes of praise!
In times like these, when headstrong passions rage,
When vice and folly rule a faithless age;
When erring man, his boasted reason's slave,
Vain of the gift, forgets the hand that gave,
Shall those that love Thee be withheld by shame,
Their trust from owning in the Eternal name?
Ah no! far rather let the sons of pride
Return, repentant, to the unerring guide;
From sin and death, from doubt and darkness flee,
To light, to life, to happiness, and Thee.
The meek and lowly who upon Thee wait,
Know that thy goodness, as thy power, is great;
They know thou wilt, in boundless mercy, roll
A tide of rapture o'er the humbled soul,

Which, filled with grief, with conscious guilt opprest,
To Thee, the *rock of ages*, flies for rest.
Before thy throne with trembling hope I bend!
Thy wonted mercy to my soul extend;
That tender mercy, which of old displayed,
Has ceaseless cherished all thy hand has made.
Great are my sins, to thy all-searching eye,
Exposed in order, my transgressions lie:
Thou knowest each guilty thought, each secret stain
That wrings my bosom with remorse and pain.
Great are my sins, but be those sins forgot;
My countless failings from thy memory blot:
Behold my grief, and give my heart to prove,
The joys, the riches of thy pardoning love.
And oh! while wandering in this mortal state,
Where round my path unnumbered dangers wait;
Where strong temptation oft incites to sin,
And restless passions raise a storm within;
Do Thou be near me! let thy arm of power
From evil shield me, in each trying hour;
To Thee for aid, I turn the imploring eye,
To Thee for pardon and for safety fly.
Supremely blest, the man who *feels* Thee near,
Whose life is governed by thy saving fear:
Thy love will lead him in the paths of peace,
Thy life-fraught presence all his joys increase:
Informed by Thee, *he only rightly* knows,
To enjoy the blessings which thy hand bestows;
To him more gay the bloom of spring appears,
A lovelier garb luxuriant summer wears;

More brilliant scenes autumnal fields display,
And more sublime the winter's stormy sway.
From all thy works his mind instruction draws,
In all, with rapture, sees the Great First Cause;
And when descending to the oblivious tomb,
When life's frail taper yields to deepening gloom,
By no vain terror is his mind distressed
This scene at changing for eternal rest.
O'er death's dark gulf he casts serene his eye
To happier worlds, where joys immortal lie;
Where doubt and fear no more the soul appal,
Where peace for ever reigns, where Thou art all in all.

Source of all good! continue still to pour
Thy countless blessings on Columbia's shore;
Still keep, in mercy, from her fields afar
The woes, the horrors, of wide-wasting war.
Alike remote, preserve her favoured race
From proud aggression and submission base:
Teach them that shame and ruin vice await,
That virtue only makes a nation great;
That strength and peace will but from union flow:
But, above all things, teach them Thee to know.

THE GENIUS OF ****** TO —— ——.

At length, to grace the sylvan scene,
  Miranda from the town removes—
Display, ye fields! a lovelier green,
  Your gayest livery wear, ye groves!

When wandering from thy native shore,
  To sea-girt Britain's rocky coast,
I saw thee, 'mid th' Atlantic roar,
  I saw thee on the wild wave tossed.

O'er Albion's plains I turned my eye,
  And saw thee rove on Thames's side,
Where London rears her turrets high,
  Great seat of Misery, Wealth and Pride!

And soon I saw thy swelling sails
  Hang cloud-like on the billowy main,
I saw them filled with eastern gales;
  Columbia hailed thee home again.

I kept the wanderer still in view,
O'er sea and land, where'er she passed,
For ******'s shades, full well I knew,
Would rest her weary feet at last.

And lo! I see the mansion rise!
Young Beauty soon shall deck the vale,
The flowers unfold their varied dyes,
And fragrance float on every gale!

Here shalt thou oft, with ardent eye,
Observe the ascending orb of day,
And when he gilds yon western sky,
Enraptured catch the parting ray.

Here taste the pleasures, pure, serene,
That Nature to her votary yields,
The rural bench—the woodland scene—
Gay meads, and harvest-waving fields.

When wintry winds the groves deform,
And clouds obscure the cheerless sky,
For shelter from the driving storm,
To thee, the houseless bird shall fly.

The partridge shall thy bounty share,
From anxious doubt and terror free;
The redbreast to thy feet repair,
And ask his daily crumbs of thee.

For this, when Sol's enlivening power
  Again shall deck the blooming May,
At evening's mild and tranquil hour,
  He 'll treat thee with his sweetest lay.

But short thy stay—(we spirits know
  As well the future as the past)—
To Penn's famed town thou soon shalt go,
  In Hymen's silken fetters fast.

******

TO —— ——;

ABOUT TO REMOVE FROM THE CITY TO RESIDE ON A FARM IN NEW JERSEY.

The rural mansion 's reared at last,
The toil of building almost past;
And now, while winter's stormy gale
Around you scatters snow and hail,
Some evening hours are spent, I guess,
In planning future happiness—
Deciding where these shrubs shall grow,
Those fruits expand, or flow'rets blow;
Where waving pines shall throw their shade,
And where the verdant lawn be made;
Which fields for grain, and which for clover,
And conning great and small things over.
I love these plans—they keep the mind,
  And body too, alert and gay,
For every hour employment find,
  And banish hyp and gloom away.

Thou 'rt travelling now, my friend, the road
Which leads, I think, to joy's abode:
But though not wond'rous wild and rough,
'T is strewed with trivial jolts enough.

Though ills of various kinds compose
The farmer's long, long list of woes,
Thou soon wilt find the labouring race,
Should occupy no second place:
Their time and toil though dearly bought,
One half at least are good for nought.
(In this, our land of milk and honey,
Where earth is plentier far than money,
The *careful* and *industrious* poor
An independence soon secure.)
Item—'t is spring—the orchards bloom,
And every zephyr breathes perfume;
'T is time the Indian corn was planted,
For this, some extra help is wanted;
Away to this, and t' other neighbour,
To find a man, to do this labour:
And when the work of hiring 's done,
He 'll play three hours, and labour one.
Once, on a time, a farming brother,
Returning from some jaunt or other,
His train domestic thus addressed,
To know how business had progressed:
"Well Richard—I 've been some time out,
What work have you, pray, been about?"
"Helping Tom, sir."
"'T is well, Dick, thou hast acted right,
United hands make labour light.
Thomas, I see the corn wants hoeing,
Pray what have Dick and you been doing?"
"Nothing, sir."

The grass is cut—is turned—is dry—
Dark clouds proclaim that rain is nigh;
But lo! the wheel has lost a spoke,
The gears are rotten, shelvings broke;
Ere all these things can be amended,
The time is past, the shower 's descended.

Thy neighbour's herd of hungry swine—
As lean as Pharaoh's famished kine—
Assail thy fence, let down a bar,
And with thy wheat wage cruel war;
With snout insatiate tear the ground,
And spread wide devastation round!

When the first sprouting grass is seen
To tinge the riv'let's side with green,
Thy men permit the cows to wander
From mead to mead, up here, down yonder;
Ruin the lots through which they stray,
And lose their appetite for hay,
Till each dry bone-betraying hide
Seems Poverty personified;
Their legs refuse to bear their weight,
And crows receive them, soon or late.

Through some unlucky youngster's fault,
The pigs have broth too hot, and salt;
Hence measled shoulders, scalded throats,
And varied ills that pester *shoats*;

Dogs find thy sheep delicious picking,
A mink each night purloins a chicken,
Rats share the corn, and mice devour the bacon,
The turkeys, geese, and ducks, by two legg'd rogues are ta

And will thy stomach, friend, be quiet
On farmer's plain substantial diet;
Thy appetite look pleased and clever
At salt and dried, recurring ever?
(For ah! expect not here to meet
The varied fare of Market street.)
And canst thou, too, thy hunger stay
With broken meat on washing-day?
If not—tell John to kill the calf,
And send some brother-farmer half:
And when *he* slaughters veal or sheep,
In turn take what he cannot keep:
Get, for thy well-fed, famished veal,
On which a hawk might make a meal;
And for thy tender, juicy mutton,
Such as is fit no dish to put on.

Thus, anxious friend, for thy repose,
I 've warned thee of *some* coming woes,
That during winter's blustering weather,
While fenced from tempest—calm—secure—
Thou might'st a stock of patience gather
For the next year's expenditure.

TO THE WIFE OF —— ——.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

As some pert scribbler, doubtless vain of knowing
Somewhat of digging, ploughing, harrowing, hoeing,
Has deemed it proper in this way t' impart
His wond'rous knowledge in the farming art:
I, too, would humbly offer to *thy* view
Of good advice a homely scrap or two:
Let then the following precepts, short and plain,
Though clad in rustic garb, attention gain.

No useful plant admires encroaching weeds,
No healthy chick from egg unsound proceeds:
From milk or cream, with garlic tinctured strong,
Sweet butter comes not, without churning long:
If meddling witches should thy churn infest,
To drive them from it, what device is best,
Fain would I tell, but fear to tell amiss,
For e'en the knowing disagree in this—
To luckier hours the business some adjourn,
And some put—sly—a dollar in the churn.
When night extends her sable curtains round,
Constructing cheeses be thy maidens found.

At morn's first blushes let the work be stayed,
For cheese should always in the dark be made;
So flies no knowledge of th' affair will gain,
But the fair fabric firm for years remain.
On no pretence permit or corn or hay
To take the gardener from his charge away—
Foul weeds will mark his absence with delight,
Spread their long columns with resistless might,
In countless throngs obnoxious fill the place,
And crush the eatable and floral race.

By long experience, rotten eggs are found
Near twice as long in hatching as the sound;
Hence those to whom the worth of time is known,
Let their hens hover o'er the good alone:
To know their state, the wise have various ways—
Some, patient, hold them to the solar blaze;
Some, east and west attentive list'ning shake 'em,
And some, more cautious, think it best to break 'em.

When infant ducklings first delighted stray
To the loved stream, and cleave the liquid way,
Observe their wanderings with a watchful eye,
For varied dangers there in ambush lie;
The tortoise finds them most delicious food,
And pikes, voracious, soon will thin the brood;
And oft, when homeward bends the waddling train,
To spread their plumage to the sun again,
Prone on their backs they fall, and there must lie,
To sleep for ever, if no help is nigh.

But oh! permit no cruel hand to lave
The new-born turkey in the chilling wave.
Nor, heedless of his pity-pleading note,
Thrust nauseous pepper down his burning throat;
Forbear to tempt him corn or cheese to eat,
Let eggs and onions form his savoury treat:
When winged with wind, impetuous showers descend,
The shivering urchin from the storm defend;
So shall he soon rove distant meadows over,
And guard from hostile insect tribes the clover.

When louring clouds obscure the solar ray,
And eastern breezes chill the drizzling day,
For washing house bid every hand prepare—
And let them not the wholesome deluge spare:
Of chairs and tables clear the wondering rooms,
And call the tribes of buckets and of brooms;
To some far corner, undisturbed and dry,
From mops and water bid thy husband fly:
Then o'er the floors let rushing waves extend,
Roll through the entry, and the stairs ascend.
So will in time the air within, no doubt,
Almost as pleasant prove, as that without.

But my best maxims trivial must appear
To one who has such able counsel near;
Th' accomplished housewife's various arts, full well
The much loved mistress of ****** can tell.

AN ELEGY

WRITTEN IN THE BURIAL GROUND AT ——.

—

Earth's highest station ends in "here he lies,"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

YOUNG.

—

In this neglected spot, where grazing kine
O'er many a mouldering grave unconscious tread,
And withering weeds and creeping brambles twine
Their gloomy foliage o'er promiscuous dead;

Well pleased I rove, when Evening, pensive power!
O'er the dim landscape spreads her curtain wide,
When Contemplation rules the silent hour,
And bids each rude, tumultuous thought subside:

To pore on half-seen graves, and sauntering muse
On those who here enjoy eternal rest—
While scenes, recalled to Memory's eye, diffuse
A pleasing sadness o'er my softened breast.

Beneath this sod, with fragrant herbs o'ergrown,
Sleeps what erewhile was fair Charissa's clay,
Without or swelling turf, or humblest stone,
To tell the mourner where her relics lay.

Cold lies that bosom in this dreary bed,
To all the virtues, all the muses, dear;
Closed are those eyes, for ever prompt to shed,
At misery's tale, the sympathetic tear.

Here let me stand, while darkness, hovering round,
Obscures creation, from intrusion free,
Indulge my woes; and, wrapt in thought profound,
Converse, Charissa, with the grave and thee:

While fond remembrance wanders, unconfined,
O'er former scenes, and opens all her store,
Recalls each charm of person and of mind,
And every grace (angelic maid!) runs o'er.

What though th' unthinking, and the mirthful throng,
All joyous down the stream of folly borne,
With vacant stare, unfeeling pass along,
While the loud laugh betrays the latent scorn;

They never knew Charissa: bounteous heaven
Ne'er favoured these to taste of bliss like mine!
To them the envied joy was never given
To gaze in transport on her form divine.

Hers was each soft attraction, hers the power,
Each finer feeling of the soul to move—
Her mind a garden, stored with every flower,
Her smile was beauty, and her eye was love.

No thirsty Arab with more joy could fly
To the green vale where crystal fountains flow,
Than thou to wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,
And soothe the lone, dejected child of woe.

But soon, alas! each tender scene was o'er—
To distant worlds thy parted spirit flew;
Methinks I see thee sleep to wake no more,
And sweetly look a long—a last adieu.

Thy various worth, sweet maid! could nought avail:
Disease and wo the vernal skies o'ercast,
Death rode triumphant on th' empoisoned gale,
And the fair flow'ret bowed beneath the blast.

So Sol, emerging from the shades of night,
Through brightening ether pours the genial ray,
But soon dark clouds o'erwhelm the sinking light,
And louring tempests close the mournful day.

Ah what is man? Proud monarch of a day,
An insect fluttering on the breeze of morn,
That waves its pinions in the solar ray,
A few short hours; then sinks in wo forlorn.

Around his neck in disconsolate storms
  As back he sails down life's downhill side:
Before him death frowns in a thousand forms,
  And grief and care assail on every side.

With these sweet maid I fondly hoped to share
  Whatever blessings gracious Heaven might send,
With these a weather through this world of care,
  And in thy bosom close my being end:

But fate forbade—and lo! I kiss the rod,
  And humbly join the general song of praise.
To Him who bows creation at his nod:
  "Wise are his judgments, just are all his ways."

EULOGIUM ON RUM.

Arise, ye pimpled, tippling race, arise!
From every town and village tavern come,
Show your red noses and o'erflowing eyes,
And help your poet chant the praise of Rum:
The cordial drop, the morning dram I sing,
The mid-day toddy, and the evening sling.

Hail, mighty Rum! and by this general name
I call each species, whiskey, gin, or brandy:
(The kinds are various, but the effect the same,
And so I choose a name that 's short and handy:
For, reader, know it takes a deal of time
To make a crooked word lie smooth in rhyme.)

Hail, mighty Rum! thy song-inspiring merit
Is known to many a bard in these our days;
Apollo's drink they find is void of spirit,
Mere chicken-broth, insipid as their lays;
And pleased they 'd give a riv'let—aye a sea—
Of tuneful water, for one quart of thee!

Hail, mighty Rum! how wondrous is thy power!
Unwarmed by thee how would our spirits fail,
When dark December comes with aspect sour,
And sharp as razor blows the northern gale;
And yet thou 'rt grateful in that sultry day,
When raging Sirius darts his fervid ray.

Hail, mighty Rum! to thee the wretched fly,
And find a sweet oblivion of their woes;
Locked in thy arms, as in the grave they lie,
Forget their kindred, and forgive their foes:
And Lethe's stream, so much extolled by some
In ancient times, I shrewdly guess, was rum.

Hail, mighty Rum! what can thy power withstand?
E'en lordly reason flies thy dreadful face,
And health and joy, and all the lovely band
Of social virtues, shun thy dwelling place;
For in whatever breast it rears its throne,
Like Turkish monarchs, rum must rule alone.

When our bold fathers crossed the Atlantic wave,
And here arrived a weak, defenceless band,
Pray what became of all the tribes so brave,
The savage owners of this happy land?
Were they sent headlong to the realms below
By doom of battle?—Friend, I answer, no.

Our fathers were too wise to think of war,
They knew the woodlands were not quickly passed,
They might have met with many an ugly scar,
Lost many a foretop, and been beat at last;
But Rum, assisted by his son, Disease,
Performed the business with surprising ease.

And would our western breth'ren be less proud, or
In other words, throw by the gun and drum—
For ducks and squirrels save their lead and powder,
And send the tawny rogues some pipes of rum,
I dare predict they all would gladly suck it,
And every mother's son soon kick the bucket.

But lo! th' ingratitude of Adam's race!
Though all these clever things to rum we owe,
Gallons of ink are squirted in his face,
And his bruised back is banged with many a blow;
Some hounds of note have rung his funeral knell,
And every puppy joins the general yell.

So have I seen (the simile is fine,
And wonderfully pat, though rather old,)
When rising Phœbus shot his rays benign,
A flock of sheep come skipping from the fold;
Some restless sheep cries baa, and all the throng,
Ewes, rams, lambs, wethers, bellowing pour along.

But fear not, Rum: though fiercely they assail,
And none but I, thy bard, thy cause defend,

Think not thy foes, though numerous, shall prevail,
  Thy power diminish, or thy being end;
Though spurned from table, and the public eye,
In the snug closet safely shalt thou lie.

And oft when Sol's proud chariot quits the sky,
  And humbler Cynthia mounts her one-horse chair,
To that snug closet shall thy votary fly,
  And, wrapt in darkness, keep his orgies there;
Lift the full bottle joyous to his head,
Then, great as Cæsar, reel sublime to bed.

THE BEE.

—

Ah! see where, robb'd and murder'd in that pit,
Lies the still heaving hive!—Thomson.

—

As late I walked to enjoy that grateful hour
When early breezes greet the rising day,
A bee before me roved from flower to flower,
And thus she sadly said, or seemed to say:

Ah! what will all this toil and care avail—
Why do I thus o'er hill and valley roam?
And wearied bear, through many an adverse gale,
The spoil nectareous to my distant home?

When the tall maple blossom'd—pride of trees—
My toil began with the first smiles of spring;
And when the buckwheat scented every breeze,
Departing summer heard my restless wing.

In vain, alas! for when our work is o'er,
And cells o'erflowing, all our cares repay,
Sulphureous flames, snatched from th' infernal shore,
To one lone grave shall sweep our tribe away.

And must we toil through summer's sultry hours,
And death, a cruel death, be our reward?
Tell, if thou canst, what crime, what fault of ours,
Tyrannic man, deserves a fate so hard.

For us no creatures are condemned to bleed,
And lift in vain the pity-asking eye;
The flow'rets scattered o'er the verdant mead,
And dews of heaven, our guiltless feast supply.

'Tis true, protection thy warm hives afford,
For which a portion of our wealth be thine;
With liberal hand take of our luscious hoard—
Spare, spare our lives! our treasures we resign.

Oh! may the man who, deaf to pity's call,
Condemns us, helpless, to devouring flame,
Find all his honey turned to bitterest gall,
While wax impure provokes his frugal dame.

If e'er soft slumber seal his weary eyes,
When night and silence hold their gloomy sway,
May glaring ghosts of murdered bees arise,
Buzz round his bed, and frighten sleep away.

But thou who dost our humble race befriend,
May smiling peace for ever glad thy breast—
May balmy sleep, unsought, thy couch attend,
And grateful visions lull thy soul to rest.

MARGERY GRAY;

OR, THE WITCH UNMASKED.

Why stands that old cottage, so lonely and drear
  That it fills the beholder with gloom and affright?
And what is the reason that none can go near
  The door of that hut, without shivering, at night?

To see the old woman who lives there alone,
  One would think she could hardly do any great harm
Why, her body is shriveled to mere skin and bone,
  And scarcely more thick than a broomstick her arm!

The cottage is small, but sufficient to hold
  A fire-place, table, and dresser, and bed;
The cracks, filled with mud, admit scarce any cold,
  And a few cedar slabs stop the leaks over head:

And it 's well 't is so tight—for now not a tool
  Would be handled by any to mend her abode;
And though by the door is the best way to school,
  The master and children all go the high road.

Yet once they delighted to travel that way,
And would beg for permission, whene'er they went by,
To take something good to old Margery Gray—
A few links of sausage, or piece of mince-pie.

She gathers old stumps in the summer for fuel,
And no one has stopped her, as yet, that I 've heard;
Indeed, to prevent her were foolishly cruel,
For every one wishes his fields to be cleared.

Time was she had pine-knots to last her all winter—
They served her to spin and to knit by at night;
But now, not a creature would bring her a splinter,
If they knew she was dying for want of a light.

There 's not the least shelter, as any can tell,
To keep from her window the snow and the hail;
And even the peach tree, that grew by the well,
Is dead, and its withered limbs sigh in the gale.

It is true, that, to fence her poor cow from the weather,
She took out her hatchet one bitter cold day,
And cut some pine bushes, and piled them together
By the side of her little coarse bundle of hay;

Her fence, by the wind and by time, is o'erthrown—
Indeed, there is hardly a rail on the place;
And the garden, with nettles and mullens o'ergrown,
Looks as dull and as cheerless as Margery's face.

But it did not look thus in the days of her prime—
The fence was in order, the garden was neat;
She had chamomile, lavender, hyssop, and thyme,
And more sage than she wanted to season her meat:

And she dried a good deal, and the neighbours all round
Would send to her cottage, if any were ill;
She was skilled in the nature of herbs, and they found
That she gave her assistance with hearty good will.

It was owned, by the people that happened to pass,
That her room was as cleanly as cleanly could be—
You might put on your cap by her pewter and brass,
And her bed was as decent as most that you 'll see;

But their present condition no mortal can tell,
For none are so simple to darken her door;
No, no!—all the neighbours remember too well
The horrible tale of the blood on the floor.

It was midnight, and cold did the bitter wind blow,
And drove in fierce eddies the snow and the hail,
When a stranger to Margery's cottage came slow—
Like a ghost he seemed troubled, was silent and pale.

Long beat by the tempest, so chilled and so tired,
That his feet and his fingers he hardly could use;
To warm them a little was all he desired—
So trifling a favour could any refuse?

The air was so piercing, that people that night,
In the tightest of houses could scarcely keep warm;
And the neighbours came over, as soon as 't was light,
To enquire how old Margery fared in the storm.

But how did astonishment bristle their hair,
When blood they saw sprinkled profusely around;
The legs of the stranger, all mangled, were there,
But the rest of his body was not to be found.

The blood of the traveller was every where thrown—
On the hearth, on the floor, on the table it lay;
And to every one there it was very well known
Not a creature was with him but Margery Gray.

And none could imagine the man would admire
(If left to pursue what appeared to him right)
The notion of leaving his legs by the fire,
And traveling on stumps such a terrible night.

Till that night of horror old Margery never
Was known to discover a relish for sin;
But now she is hatching some mischief for ever—
'T is hard to give over when once we begin.

She meazles the swine, and she pesters the cattle,
She fly-blows the meat, and the harvest she blights;
In the midst of a tempest, at windows she 'll rattle,
And keeps her sick neighbours from sleeping at nights.

Thus from gossip to gossip, the story goes round,
And the list of her crimes is enlarged every day—
But the best of the bunch may be glad if they 're found
As clear of all evil as Margery Gray.

The stranger who strayed to her humble abode
Had a friend who came with him a part of the way,
But the cold was so piercing, he froze on the road,
His bones by the side of the laurel-bush lay.

Now the boots he had on were too good to be lost,
But to get them was far from a matter of ease,
For the leather was stiffened to horn by the frost,
So he took off the legs of his friend by the knees.

In Margery's cottage the business of thawing
The leather and legs did the stranger begin,
While Margery slumbered—and, after much drawing,
Succeeded in getting the legs from within.

This object attained, he would carry no further
A useless incumbrance, but left them to raise
Doubt, fear and suspicion of witchcraft and murther,
And embitter the remnant of Margery's days.

Ye travellers all ! when about to do aught
That may multiply wo where you happen to stay,
Make a pause, and bestow, I beseech you, a thought
On the legs that were left with old Margery Gray.

COURTSHIP.

ADDRESSED TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

I 've had a thought or two of late,
  Respecting courtship, and I seem inclined
  To let thee know a little of my mind
About that awkward, purgatorial state.

If, haply anxious to obtain a wife,
  Some seeking youth should try thy hand to gain,
  I know thou wouldst not trifle with his pain,
Nor waste in courtship half the morn of life.

How blest mankind if all the race were so,
  But ah ! a different spirit rules the sex :
  By nature pitiless, and prone to vex
Their hapless captives with a world of wo.

What numerous years of toil, fatigue and wo,
  What doubt and fear—what risk of limbs and life,
  By land and water, to obtain a wife,
Some poor afflicted creatures undergo.

An aching heart, with brazen front to hide,
With outward smiles to veil internal wo,
With stammering tongue propound the *yes* or *no!*
To do all this and more—and be denied!

And lo! if once denied, though ne'er so clever,
Wide spreads the rumour of the foul defeat,
In council dire the female despots meet,
And doom the wretch to singleness for ever.

In amorous ditty if he mourn his doom,
The luckless scrawl produced in evil hour,
Proof of his folly and the fair one's power,
Is borne in triumph round the tittering room.

I would not wish my notions to be known,
But truly I have thought, the ills that wait
On courtship, are so numerous and so great,
'T is better far to let the thing alone.

A MORNING HYMN.

Arise, my soul! with rapture rise,
  And filled with love and fear, adore
The awful sov'reign of the skies,
  Whose mercy lends me one day more.

And may this day, indulgent Power!
  Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But, may each swiftly-flying hour
  Advance my soul more nigh to thee.

But can it be that Power divine,
  Whose throne is light's unbounded blaze,
While countless worlds, and angels join
  To swell the glorious song of praise,

Will deign to lend a favouring ear,
  When I, poor abject mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless Goodness, he will hear,
  Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

Then let me serve thee, all my days,
  And may my zeal with years increase;
For, pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
  And all thy paths are paths of peace.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY NEIGHBOUR EPHRAIM.*

No. I.

I have thought sometimes, that the world would be none the worse, if it knew a little of my old neighbour Ephraim Heartfree, his notions of farming, and his notions about some other matters; and I may possibly, if nothing more important engages my attention, endeavour to make the public somewhat acquainted with him and his family. But let no one be startled at this intimation; my tediousness shall be bestowed in no overwhelming portions; I am not disposed to fatigue myself and annoy my readers with a tiresome tissue of long-winded essays; my communications shall be short, and

"Like angels' visits, few, and far between."

I have myself, too often, shrunk from the appalling countenance of a dissertation of three or four columns, to offend in the same sort; and in thus attempting to retail some scraps of the practices and opinions of my old friend, I have no apprehension of offending him; he will not

* These essays were written for the "Rural Visiter," a small literary paper then published weekly in Burlington.

mistake my motive, though very probably, as he lights his evening pipe with my lucubrations, he may wish with a benevolent smile that I had better business.

To begin then in due biographical order, be it known that Ephraim Heartfree was born, when and where, is of no importance to this history: of his education I shall say little; it is not improbable that, according to a laudable custom, still prevalent in some parts of our country, he was taught the rudiments of the English language by some itinerant pedagogue, who would work for little, and being rendered by idleness and intemperance unfit for any thing else, is wisely intrusted with the business of forming the morals and the manners of the rising generation. Be this as it may, certain it is that he learned to read, and this foundation being laid, the superstructure was his own work.

> "For know, young Ephraim was no vulgar boy—
> Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye."

Happily he had early acquired a fondness for reading, which the kindness of a few friends enabled him to gratify to some extent; and this taste, while it made him familiar with the illustrious dead, preserved him in great measure from the contamination of the worthless living: holding in supreme contempt the character of that important animal an idle gentleman, he had a notion that his usefulness and respectability would be in no degree diminished by a knowledge of several mechanical operations; he became

therefore a tolerable worker in metals: was by no means a contemptible harness-maker, and has often been heard to say that he considered himself a carpenter of no small promise. Although destined to a country life, he could perceive no necessary connection between rural employment and rusticity of manners; nor because it became him sometimes to speak of oxen, could he see the propriety of being able to speak of nothing else; but his notions on these, and various other matters, will more fully appear in the course of our narrative.

On the death of his father, he became possessed of a farm of moderate extent, which, notwithstanding it had produced only Indian corn, rye and mullens, in regular succession time out of mind, agreeably to a commendable practice still sufficiently followed, had somehow become the poorest of the poor; his out-buildings seemed ready to take their departure on the wings of the wind, and the broken windows of his almost roofless mansion exhibited a delectable assemblage of weather-beaten hats and worn-out indispensables. A few evenings after he was settled in his new abode, he took a solitary walk around his little territory: poverty reigned throughout in all its dreariness; his fences had tumbled to ruin in every direction, no living thing disturbed the profound solitude of his naked fields, save a half-starved horse, which the mercy of his owner had turned out to die, in requital of a life of labour; while a group of famished vultures, on a blasted oak, eyed his feeble attempts to prolong existence with manifest symptoms of impatience. The winds of December swept

fearfully over the hill, and famine and desolation howling in the blast, seemed to claim the region for their own—Well: did he not turn in utter dismay from the rueful prospect? did he not hasten to barter his hopeful birthright for a mess of pottage, and saddle his ass and move off in search of a fool's paradise in the west,

> Where trees move off, without the pains of hauling,
> And crops of wheat come, ready thresh'd, for calling?

No. II.

No, he did not, as some knowing ones have done before and since, lose himself in a wilderness; he had a notion that it would require less labour to resuscitate his worn-out farm than to clear a new one in the forest, and that a moderate crop, with a good market at his door, was preferable to an abundant one with no market at all. He thought, moreover, that the comforts of a tolerably good neighbourhood, of friendly intercourse, of social worship, of convenient schools, of medical assistance in case of any of the numberless casualties which "flesh is heir to," were not to be lightly relinquished. I shall not attempt a minute detail of his mode of farming—of that judicious, quiet, and persevering management, which, in the course

of a few days, made his little territory, compared with the surrounding scenery, appear like

> "A spot of azure in a gloomy sky,
> Or sunny island in a stormy sea."

Such a detail would be altogether useless to the generality of readers, who are abundantly too well informed to need it; and the very few to whom it might be useful, are not in the habit of perusing works of this kind, or indeed any thing else. One of his first employments, of course, was to put his buildings in a tolerable state of repair; not merely a dwelling for himself, but his stables, his cattle, sheep, pig, and poultry houses; he had no notion of enjoying the comforts of a warm room, while the animals that looked up to him for protection were exposed to the "peltings of the pitiless storm;" but when the winds of winter whistled around his dwelling, and the rain descended in torrents on his roof, he felt no small pleasure in reflecting that every living thing dependant upon him was comfortably sheltered; he could then, seated with his happy family around a cheerful fire,

> "Smile at the tempest and enjoy the storm."

And this humanity and kind attention to the brute creation was no transient or momentary impulse, but has remained with him to the present day; his teams are never overworked, and every creature invariably has its food in proper season, and in sufficient quantity; his horses, after labour-

ing through the day, are never galloped by a graceless son, or worthless domestic, to cough half the night at the door of some detestable whiskey-shop, and his cattle never go supperless to bed, because their owner, after wasting the day at some insignificant vendue or beggarly horse-race, comes home too much of a beast himself to feed them;—too much of a beast, did I say? I retract the expression; I would not insult a sober beast by a comparison with many of the tippling two-legged animals scattered up and down, a disgrace to the country, and a loathsome burden to all who are so unhappy as to be connected with them. His boys do their duty—because, in the first place, he made it a rule to see them do it; and after a time they might be trusted alone, for good habits may be acquired as well as evil ones.

The transformation of a gloomy desert into a fruitful field is not the work of a day; but the progress of my friend in this pleasing task has been uncommonly rapid; determined never to plough more land than he could thoroughly manure, the increase of this all important article was a primary object, and every thing suitable for the purpose was carefully conveyed to the barn-yard; no weeds were suffered to run to seed and wither away in his fields, thus exhausting the soil and perpetuating a nuisance; his grain was uniformly cut with the cradle, instead of the sickle, thus gathering double the quantity of straw; and his corn-stalks, instead of remaining abroad throughout the winter, a dreary and disgusting prospect, added largely to the fertilising mixture; grass was sedulously cultivated, which

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enabled him gradually to enlarge his stock; and from these various sources, with the addition, occasionally, of the scourings of ditches and the parings of old headlands, his heaps of compost annually increased in magnitude; and though, in retrospection, he is not dissatisfied with the course he has pursued, yet so willing is he to receive instruction, and so open to conviction, that he thinks his wealth would have been nearly doubled, had he known at the commencement of his agricultural career the value of the ruta baga, and that the country is under no small obligation to W. Cobbett, for his endeavours to turn the attention of American farmers to this useful root. In consequence of avoiding to harass himself and his teams, by cultivating unproductive soil, he has had leisure to attend to various improvements, among which the most important, perhaps, was planting a worn out tract of eighty or an hundred acres on the most bleak and exposed part of his estate with chesnuts, which, having been carefully protected while young from the depredations of cattle, have grown with uncommon luxuriance and beauty, and now form a magnificent forest, amidst whose lofty tops and intermingling arms the solemn murmur of the evening breeze seems to the wanderer beneath, like

"The dash of ocean, on his winding shore."

From a rustic seat, placed in a sequestered corner of this wilderness of shade, but which nevertheless commands a view of the whole farm, I have frequently admired the beauty of the prospect, the delightful intermixture of shade

and sunshine, the vivid verdure of the watered meadow, and the golden tints of the ripening harvest; the refreshing covering of green—

"Green, smiling nature's universal robe,"

is no where broken, except unavoidably by the plough; no herds of hungry unrung swine are suffered to deform the surface, and destroy more grass in an hour than would have served to pasture them half a summer; and the pleasing appearance of the landscape has been not a little heightened by the neatness every where conspicuous; for although my friend, had he been silly enough to wish it, could not afford to waste his time and money in frivolously ornamenting his grounds, yet he had a notion that every thing offensive might as well be kept in the back ground, and that his fences and his out-buildings would be none the worse for being arranged as tastefully as convenience would permit; his orchard is placed in such a situation as to form a most agreeable object, whether clothed in vernal beauty, or bending beneath its autumnal burthen, while an almost impervious hedge of thriving cedars, on the northern frontier, seems to bid defiance to the assailing tempest. About the middle of his little domain, and near a lively, never-failing stream of water, which his ingenuity has converted into various purposes of utility and beauty, stands the modest mansion; and here, if honest Ephraim has made a few humble attempts at embellishment, it has been done full as much, as Columella recommends, "to allure the wife to take delight therein," as to gratify any inclination of his own.

No. III.

Ezekiel, the second son of my worthy friend Ephraim, is a great favourite of mine; whether the mildness and diffidence with which he advances his opinions of men and things, or the commendable deference and respectful attention with which he listens to my own weighty and matured observations, has had more effect in producing this favourable sentiment, I shall not determine; but certain it is that he is a docile, pleasant youth, and we have together much agreeable, and to him, doubtless, profitable discourse; because, when we happen to differ in sentiment, which however is not often the case, I commonly take the trouble to bestow more or less labour upon him in order to set him right; though it must be confessed that on some of these occasions, when I have dilated a little more than usual, and taking silence for the acquiescence of conviction, have brought my argument triumphantly to a close, and have turned to my companion to observe more narrowly the effect of my eloquence, I have found him asleep; but in general, he is an excellent *hearer*, of most convenient taciturnity, and invincible patience—qualifications these, the value of which those can only appreciate who, like myself, are sometimes given to talk, perhaps, a little more than their share. Entertaining no desire to accumulate unnecessary wealth, and panting for no distinction, he early determined never to exchange the healthy breezes of his native hills and valleys for the

pestilential breath-polluted atmosphere of the city; and the character of a plain, honest, undesigning cultivator of the earth, for that of a smart, shifty, smirking haberdasher of small wares; and he contemplates with mingled sensations of pity and wonder, the deplorable delusion which leads so many thousands from the salutary labours and tranquil enjoyments of the country, to the harassing bustle of the crowded mart,

> "Where with like haste through various ways they run,
> Some to undo, and some to be undone."

From occasional visits to the scenes of commercial activity, and fashionable frivolity, from the confused, distracting hum of an infatuated multitude of immortal beings, scrambling with feverish anxiety for the momentary possession of a needless portion of evanescent dust, he returns with ever new delight to his rural employments, to the serene repose of his quiet home, and to all

> "The charms which nature to her votary yields."

In spring, the delightful season of light, and life, and joy, how does his bosom glow with rapturous adoration of that beneficent Power, which, while silently preparing for the nourishment of all that live, spreads abroad, with inexhaustible profusion, the treasures of sweetness, and the splendour of beauty. With what pensive pleasure does he gaze upon the autumnal colouring of the variegated forest! with what sublime emotion listen to the storms of winter!

how often, when contemplating the harmonious march of the seasons, has he exclaimed, in the language of their immortal poet,

> "These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
> Are but the varied God. The rolling year
> Is full of thee!"——

In early youth he was rather a keen sportsman, but soon

> "Consideration, like an angel came,"

and convinced him that the pleasure of beholding the playful security and happiness of God's creatures, infinitely overbalanced any enjoyed in their murderous pursuit; and he has long looked upon the wanton destruction of harmless life, as nearly allied to crime of no light complexion; although he makes no pretension to extraordinary humanity or delicacy of feeling, yet he would not knowingly crush the humblest insect that crawls across his path, much less would he endeavour to obtain the reputation of a paltry dabbler in natural science, by impaling, with savage industry, scores of wretched bugs and butterflies. In consequence of a rather delicate state of health, he has not been so constantly and exclusively employed in agricultural pursuits as his father and elder brother, and has therefore had more time to cultivate, in some measure, a literary turn; and although his opportunities and acquirements have been very circumscribed, yet his hours of leisure have not been altogether unimproved: being supposed the best qualified for the office, it generally falls to

his lot to read aloud some instructive author, or the magazines and papers of the day, during the winter evenings, while the family are quietly employed in the various occupations incident to the season, around a comfortable fire: on these occasions I frequently make one of the company, an arm-chair being always placed in the chimney-corner, for my accommodation; and am often very well satisfied with my entertainment, more especially whenever any of my own little pieces happen to be recited. Although on the most intimate footing in the family, it was some time before I discovered that he occasionally amused himself by committing to paper his thoughts on various subjects: these effusions, crude and disjointed, were generally committed to the flames as soon as read. His sister, however, with a very pardonable partiality, has preserved copies of a few pieces, both in prose and verse, some of which I may, perhaps, present to my readers. The following lines from amongst them, I select for the conclusion of the present number, not because there is any thing new in the thought, or neat in the expression, but as they show, a little, the general temper of his mind.

RELIGION.

Oh! wide they wander from the path of truth,
  Who paint Religion with a brow of gloom;
Her step is buoyant with unfading youth,
  Her features radiant with immortal bloom.

In life's gay morning, when the crimson tide
Of pleasure dances through each burning vein,
She leads, with guardian care, her charge aside,
From the broad passage to undying pain.

And when the fleeting joys of time are past,
And dark despondence on the spirit preys;
She bids, with holy hope, the sufferer cast,
To brighter regions, his confiding gaze.

From slavish fears—from low debasing cares,
'T is hers alone the sinking soul to save;
For her its sweetest smile creation wears,
For her no terror has the frowning grave.

No; should this scene in headlong ruin close,
Each shattered planet from its orbit move,
She would not tremble, for full well she knows
The arm is near her of unbounded Love.

No. IV.

Eminently fortunate in the matrimonial lottery, Ephraim can testify, from his own happy experience, that "whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing:" sufficiently occupied with his agricultural pursuits, his books, and occasional public and private business, he has neither leisure nor inclination to interfere in the administration of the home department, the art and mystery of housekeeping; this is exclusively Winifred's dominion, and here she shines with no small lustre.

> "Bless'd with a temper, whose unclouded ray
> Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

She has the art, although no necessary business is neglected, of making every body comfortable about her; and is a living and most pleasing proof of the fallacy of the opinion, that the spirit of neatness, and the spirit of good humour, refuse to inhabit the same bosom. Governing her household with a liberal economy, equally remote from careless prodigality and parsimonious meanness, exacting no unreasonable service, yet suffering no neglect of duty; kind, mild, and patient to well-meaning ignorance, but firm and resolute in reproving and controlling mischief and folly, her domestics regard her with almost filial love and reverence. Although of a lively, cheerful disposition, her steps are quite as frequently directed to the house of

mourning, as to that of feasting; and when sickness and sorrow sadden the abode of virtuous poverty, her sympathy, and comfort more substantial than sympathy, as far as her means extend, is never withheld; and many a grateful heart might address her in the words of the poet,

> "When grief and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!"

But she has little compassion for the poverty and wretchedness arising from intemperance: and to this prolific fountain, perhaps three fourths of the misery in our country may be traced. She is willing that the drunkard should eat of the fruit of his doings, in the hope that affliction may bear a blessing on its wings, may arouse him from his horrible bondage, and rend asunder the shackles of an execrable habit which drags down, with remorseless perseverance, body and soul to temporal and eternal perdition. Fond of a country life, and fond of her home, that little paradise, of which she is the informing and enlivening spirit, and which she so well knows how to render the delightful habitation of peace and joy, she occasionally assists, as well as directs, in the various occupations of the day; but no silly cupidity ever induces her to convert healthful industry into burthensome fatigue, and no ridiculous affectation of gentility ever made her ashamed of her business. When her neighbours call upon her, if she happens to be employed in her clean, airy, and commodious kitchen, she receives them there without hesitation or apology; but if her presence is not required

in this department, she meets her company of course in the most pleasant room her house affords, which is always ready and always comfortable; her visiters are never choked with dust, smothered with smoke, and starved with cold for half an afternoon, while abortive attempts are making to nourish into life a sullen, or a sickly fire; she keeps no *best room* to be scoured once a week, and then left in cold and gloomy seclusion; and when the important beverage, *tea*, is prepared, no strapping two-handed lassie is summoned from the milk-pail, to blunder round the room with the equipage, scalding herself and every body about her, and tantalising the hungry with a mouthful of cake once in half an hour; but her guests are invited to seat themselves around a table sufficiently capacious for every one to partake with facility of the good cheer with which it is plentifully covered. Although always neat, and even somewhat elegant in her appearance, she carefully avoids all extravagance, and would feel far from comfortable if she carried half Ephraim's crop of pork about her, although converted into the shape of a tawdry shawl, and a frightfully enormous Leghorn hat; and entertains too little respect for the trappings of vanity, to be either mortified or delighted when her humble abode is favoured with the presence of the frivolously fashionable, as is sometimes the case. I remember being pleased with her behaviour one day, when I happened to be with them. The family had just sat down to a plentiful, as usual, but plain washing-day dinner, when a dashing equipage stopped at the door, and out came Mrs. Snipperkins, and all the Misses Snipperkins,

and their cousins, the two Misses Spingiggles, to pay a morning visit, although they knew perfectly well that the hour must be inconvenient to a farmer's family; but this, by the way, is a trick your half price gentry are very fond of indulging in, in the benevolent hope of deriving some amusement from the consternation of the natives. However here was no confusion, no huddling away the viands, and smuggling the apparatus into a closet; the children did not take to their heels, screaming with a mouthful of red hot pudding in their throats, nor the elder members of the family sorrowfully adjourn their appetites to a more convenient season. Her guests were invited, with cheerful hospitality, to partake of what her table afforded: and on their declining so to do, she proceeded to help her family and herself, and do the honours of the sitting, with as contented and good humoured an air as if all the Snipperkins and Spingiggles were in the Red Sea; and these agreeable visitants, finding they excited neither astonishment nor alarm, after having nine times viewed the garden, took their departure to try their luck elsewhere.

Her lovely daughter, inheriting all the good qualities, and emulating every thing excellent in the example of her worthy mother, delightfully blending

> "The softness—the spirit of youth,
> With the cool recollection of age,"

is a prize well worth a servitude like that of Jacob of old. I shall not, at this time, attempt her portrait; but so

friendly am I to matrimony, that if I ever meet with a young man deserving such a treasure, which, by the way, is very improbable, I may perhaps endeavour to point her out to his notice. To tell the truth, I have thought of her sometimes for myself; but although the difference between sixty-five and nineteen appears to me altogether insignificant, yet I am not without apprehension she may regard it a little more seriously; and a refusal, although it might not, to use the language of the sage of Monticello on another occasion, either pick my pocket or break my leg, yet is it a consummation by no means devoutly to be wished. I shall therefore, I believe, consider the matter a year or two longer before I venture a proposal.

No. V.

In a former number I mentioned that I might perhaps offer to the reader a scrap or two of my friend Ezekiel's, but I confess that it is not without some hesitation that I present the following lines. Some may be of opinion that matters of awful reality, of supreme importance, are more likely to suffer than gain from treatment of this kind; and, indeed, we are so accustomed to see poetry prostituted to the most trivial, worthless, and worse than worthless purposes, that it seems little short of profanation to touch a

sacred subject with so unhallowed an instrument; nevertheless, it is possible that a hint or an exhortation, conveyed in this way, may be useful; the eye of the trifler, who would carelessly turn away from a sermon, may be arrested by something in the shape of verse, however humble or contemptible; and even the harmless desire to criticise—a kind of business for which every one thinks himself competent—may induce a perusal, which can certainly harm no one.

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY READING MATT. CHAP. VIII., VS. 24, 25, 26.

—

"And behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves, but he was asleep. And his disciples came to him and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us, we perish! And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm."

—

When on His mission from his home in heaven,
In the frail bark, the SAVIOUR deigned to sleep;
The tempest rose—with headlong fury driven,
The wave-tossed vessel whirled along the deep:
Wild shrieked the storm amid the parting shrouds,
And the vex'd billows dashed the darkening clouds.

Ah! then, how futile human skill and power,—
Save us! we perish in the o'erwhelming wave,

They cried, and found in that tremendous hour
"An eye to pity, and an arm to save."
He spoke, and lo! obedient to His will,
The raging waters and the winds were still.

And thou, poor trembler on life's stormy sea!
Where dark the waves of sin and sorrow roll,
To Him for refuge from the tempest flee—
To Him, confiding, trust the sinking soul:
For, oh! He came to calm the tempest-toss'd,
To seek the wandering, and to save the lost.

For thee, and such as thee, impelled by love,
He left the mansions of the bless'd on high;
'Mid sin, and pain, and grief, and fear, to move—
With lingering anguish, and with shame, to die.
The debt to Justice boundless Mercy paid,
For hopeless guilt complete atonement made.

Oh! in return for such surpassing grace,
Poor, blind, and naked, what canst thou impart?
Canst thou no offering on His altar place?
Yes, lowly mourner! give him all thy heart:
That simple offering he will not disown—
That living incense may approach his throne.

He asks not herds, and flocks, and seas of oil—
No vain oblations please th' all-knowing mind;
But the poor, weary, sin-sick, spent with toil,
Who humbly seek it, shall deliverance find.

Like her, the sufferer, who in secret stole
To touch His garment, and at once was whole.

Oh, for a voice of thunder! which might wake
  The slumbering sinner, ere he sink in death;
Oh, for a tempest, into dust to shake
  His sand-built dwelling, while he yet has breath!
A viewless hand, to picture on the wall
His fearful sentence, ere the curtain fall.

Child of the dust! from torpid ruin rise—
  Be earth's delusions from thy bosom hurled;
And strive to measure, with enlightened eyes,
  The dread importance of the eternal world.
The shades of night are gathering round thee fast—
Arise to labour, ere thy day be past.

In darkness, tottering on the slippery verge
  Of frail existence, soon to be no more;
Death's rude, tempestuous, ever-nearing surge,
  Shall quickly dash thee from the sinking shore.
But ah! the secrets of the following day,
What tongue may utter, or what eye survey!

Oh! think in time, then, what the meek inherit—
  What the peace-maker's, what the mourner's part;
The allotted portion of the poor in spirit—
  The promised vision of the pure in heart.
For yet in Gilead there is balm to spare,
And, prompt to succour, a Physician there.

For me, I ask no mansion of the just,
No bright possession in yon dazzling sky—
For me, 't were joy sufficient, low in dust,
Like weeping Mary, at His feet to lie
In deep abhorrence of myself, and hear
Such words as gladdened her delighted ear.

No. VI.

"Hard times, hard times, neighbour Ephraim—abominable hard times!" said Habakkuk Grogit, as he entered the room where my old friend and I were sitting together; "can't borrow a dollar—been all round the country—no money to be had—wonder where it 's all gone—suppose to the East Indies, or locked up in the banks; can't you let a body have a few hundreds?—give good security." "Take a seat, Habakkuk," said Ephraim, "if thou art not in a hurry, and let us have a little conversation. I do not think the money has all gone to the East Indies, neither do I believe that the banks are troubled with much besides what they manufacture themselves: I have none to lend, and, (excuse my plainness, Habakkuk, the probe is sometimes as useful as the plaster,) if I had I would not, just now, lend it to thee; thou offerest what thou callest good security—meaning, I presume, a mortgage of thy paternal

acres; but is it probable, with thy present habits—for thou art not remarkable for industry and attention to business, and art seen at the tavern quite as often as is necessary—is it probable that thou wouldst ever pay the interest, much less the principal? and thinkest thou not that it would be as painful to me to take thy little patrimony, as to thee to lose it? No, what I call good security is founded, not on the property only, but on the virtues, the industry, and sobriety, and honesty, and punctuality of the debtor. But why dost thou wish to borrow? peradventure to purchase more land; take my advice and let it alone, unless what thou hast already is brought to the highest state of improvement, which I fancy is not the case; this hankering after unnecessary acres, this desire to add field to field, has been the ruin of thousands; unable to cultivate them to advantage, and of course unable to pay for them, they become embarrassed and disheartened, fly for consolation to the grog-shop, and vainly endeavour to drown anxiety and perplexity in the bottle; but perhaps thou hast contracted debts already? well, thou must endure the consequences of thy own folly, but give not way to despair, reform thy habits, amend thy life, do thy best, pray for a blessing on thy labours, and it may reasonably be hoped that thy creditors, observing thy altered conduct, will allow thee time to extricate thyself from thy difficulties." "Yes," continued Ephraim, as Habakkuk took his departure, apparently little pleased with either the preacher or the sermon, "yes, the times are hard, but what makes them so but our vices, and our follies? the labourer finds them hard when he spends half his earnings in poisoning him-

self with whiskey; the farmer finds them hard, because he has abandoned the frugal industrious habits of his ancestors, and lives abundantly, *too well*, as it is miscalled, for his means; the merchant finds them so, because, although he made a princely fortune while we had half the commerce of the world in our hands, he spent it with the silly extravagance of a madman, at once impoverishing himself, and injuring his neighbours by his ruinous example; he must have his magnificent mansion, his splendid furniture, his brilliant equipage, his costly wines, his tribe of wasteful, worthless domestics; yes, we shall find the times hard till we mend our manners." Ephraim had got upon his hobby, and how long he might have continued to harangue, I know not, but as I had heard him often on the same subject before, and wished to talk a little myself, I took the liberty to interrupt him by reading the following dream of Ezekiel's:

In the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, Omar dreamed a dream, and behold, it seemed that the rising sun shone with mild radiance, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower, and the verdant earth smiled with dewy freshness in his beams, when Industry, strong and active, exulting in existence, with erect deportment, and elastic step, commenced his journey. The rose of health glowed on his manly cheek, and the smile of cheerfulness sat delighted on his open brow; his course was directed towards that upland region, where, amidst groves of unfading verdure, diffusing fragrance over romantic valleys, blooming in perennial beauty, Peace and Competence

repose together, and reward "a youth of labour with an age of ease."

> "Stern Winter smiles in that auspicious clime,
> The fields are florid with unfading prime,
> And from the breezy deep the blest inhale
> The fragrant murmurs of the western gale."

Though powerful to labour, and unremitting in exertion, his progress was continually impeded, and his efforts baffled by a succession of disheartening difficulties, and clouds and darkness frequently impaired his prospect of the wished-for land. "These obstacles, my son, that obstruct thy path, these gloomy shadows that obscure thy vision," said Wisdom, "are owing to the machinations of a frightful monster called Poverty, who inhabits the neighbouring caverns and infests the country; and, alone, thou wilt never be able to evade his snares, and escape from his dominion; but take to thy bosom Credit, the blooming daughter of Integrity and Punctuality, and happiness shall smile on your espousals; but beware of the arts of thy enemy, he has numerous indefatigable emissaries abroad, to lure the careless to his bleak and comfortless abode; amongst these, few are more to be dreaded than Idleness and Intemperance; insidious in their approaches, they frequently assume the garb of innocent recreation, and insensibly beguile the unthinking to the gulf of ruin: shun them, my son, as thou wouldst the breath of pestilence; their touch is pollution, and their embrace is death." "Never fear," said Industry, "I have

seen the miscreants, and shall assuredly avoid their disgusting society: I shall know Idleness by his ragged elbows, his beard of an inch long, his hair, which looks as if it had not felt a comb for a twelvemonth, and his jaws stretched from ear to ear in an everlasting yawn; and as to Intemperance, his feeble, tottering gait, his bloated face, and carcass, and his leaden eyes, staring at nothing, like an owl in sunshine, will sufficiently indicate him, therefore fear nothing."

> His Mentor's voice the aspiring youth obeyed,
> He sought, he woo'd, he won the blooming maid;

and prosperity blessed their union. The discouraging impediments, the mountains of opposition, which had appeared so formidable to Industry alone, vanished into thin air at their united approach. Cheerfulness strewed their path with roses, Labour and Innocence lulled them to their evening slumber, and Enterprise and Hope awoke them to their morning task. Their advance, though slow, was sure: already they caught, at times, some enchanting glimpses of their future happy abode; already some erratic breezes from its flowery borders wafted to their ravished senses a delightful foretaste of the sweets to come, when two travellers joined their company; the one called himself Relaxation, and the name of the other was Refreshment. Their appearance was prepossessing, and their visit short, but so entertaining to Industry, that he was exceedingly well pleased to meet them again on the morrow; and from this time, hardly a day elapsed without their spending

more or less time together. Credit saw this growing intimacy with no small uneasiness; there was something in the appearance of the strangers that excited her alarm and aversion. Notwithstanding their apparently undesigning deportment, and harmless appellations, a chilling, withering atmosphere appeared to surround them; at the touch of Relaxation all her exertions seemed paralysed, and the pestiferous breath of Refreshment made her sick at heart; and when Industry declared his determination to adopt them into his family as his constant companions, she gave him one last lingering glance of pity, and slept to wake no more. Then it was that the wily intruders, winding around him the shackles of detestable Habit, and throwing off their convenient disguise, stood before him in all the deformity of Idleness and Intemperance; they laughed with scorn at his futile attempts to escape from their fetters, they married him without his consent to a dirty, blear-eyed horrible hag, by men called Infamy, and with a grin of demoniac malice, and a yell of savage triumph, dragged him down to the den of their master, Poverty; who, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile," while his lantern jaws and iron teeth chattered with frightful joy, seized his victim, and dashed him a thousand fathoms deep into the dungeon of Despair, when the loathsome reptile with a hundred heads, called Disease, fixing his envenomed fangs in his vitals, and winding around him his slimy folds, he was heard of no more.

No. VII.

I have thought sometimes that there was not, perhaps, an individual in the world, in health and above absolute want, who would willingly exchange situations in every respect, with any other individual; but this respectful opinion which we so happily entertain of ourselves, although doubtless very comfortable and pleasant to us, might possibly become a little annoying and somewhat insufferable to others, were it not counteracted, and in some measure neutralised, by the friendly attentions of our neighbours, who kindly endeavour, as far as in them lies, to rouse us from time to time to a proper understanding of our insignificance: so that while we keep one eye fixed as it were in complacent contemplation of our own desert, and with the other, diligently scrutinise the failings of our neighbour, we get along very well together. I was led to make this reflection, which, though undoubtedly very sagacious, and indicating such consummate knowledge of human nature as might be looked for in a person of my antiquity, has perhaps not much novelty to recommend it, by a perusal of the following letter which has just come to hand. Here was I, the nameless biographer of my neighbour Ephraim, jogging along with much gravity and self-respect, and holding forth occasionally, for the edification of the world, nothing doubting that the said world was full as willing to listen as I was to talk; but this friendly shake of Anna Maria has roused me from my idle

dream, and dissipated, for a while, at least, the illusions of vanity; and I may comfort her with the information, that she will not probably be much longer afflicted with my lucubrations.

—

To the anonymous writer of the Account of My Neighbour Ephraim.

February 28th, 1820.

Sir,

I have wish'd some time to tell you a piece of my mind,
But somehow, since my marriage, I hardly ever can find
Half an hour of leisure, to write a line or two,
The mistress of a family has such a world of things to do;
You will observe I write in verse; I always had a powerful
Propensity to poetry, though my uncle used to look as sour full
As verjuice, when I sacrific'd to the muse, and had the conscience
To call it, sacrificing to a fiddlestick, and miserable nonsense!
But my aunt said, she was sure in reason I had a *genus*,
For I could n't knit a stocking fit to throw at a dog, and between us,
I never was particularly fond of work, though not averse to wear
Domestic manufacture, but that 's neither here nor there.
My husband is a worthy, respectable man, of course,
But he has very little more taste for poetry than a horse,

And is quite as willing, like many well-meaning men,
To see his wife's fingers busy with the needle as the pen;
So, not wishing to displease him, and hating dismal faces,
I seldom write unless he is out, which seldom enough the case is;
But the day before yesterday, I thought would nicely do
To write a letter for the "Visiter," and a friendly hint to you;
For my husband, after breakfast, sat off for a vendue,
Which was like to detain him chief part of the day,
So I got my pen and paper out, and put my work away,
And told Sally to put a couple of potatoes in the skillet to smother,
Set the cold bit of pie to warm, and go and see her mother.
For you know, it would be nonsense to cook a load of meat,
When there was only me at home, and I did n't want to eat;
But I had hardly written a line or two, when open bounc'd the door,
And in came my husband, followed by two or three more:
"My dear," says he, "we found the vendue had been adjourn'd,
So I got these friends to stop and take dinner as they return'd."
"Indeed my dear," says I, "I 'm afraid there 's none to take,
For I was writing a little poetry, and Sally"—but I stopp'd, for I saw him make
A very disagreeable face, "I wish your abominable poetry —but however,"
Says he, "do stir now at least, and get us something clever."

Only think! well I borrowed Mrs. Fidget's lame boy Dick,
To clean knives, and wait at table, for Solomon has a trick
Of being always away when he 's wanted; my husband
was in a fret,
Which did n't make things better: but he is very apt to get
A little out of humour, when he 's like to lose his dinner.
What cannibals the men are! I often tell them that a
thinner
White of an egg sort of diet, would have an excellent effect
On both body and mind, but they treat it with neglect.
Well, Sally you may be sure was sent for in a flurry,
And we killed the blind old cock, and setting hen, for in a
hurry
Nothing else could be got, and things went off better
Than might have been expected: but I could n't write my
letter;
And yesterday I was interrupted again, and almost begin
to fear,
Such repeated trials may injure my temper; but you shall
hear—
My husband was out, so I told Sally just to rub
The furniture in the parlour, shake the carpet, and scrub
The floor, and the walls, and the windows, and looking
glasses,
And whitewash the hearth, and give a polish to the brasses;
And having given her directions what to do next, I tried
To have things a little quiet and comfortable, so I tied
The oldest child to the bed post, and to keep
The youngest brat from squalling, made him sleep,

With a little paregoric, for I keep a chest abounding
With valuable medicines, some of my own compounding,
Which nobody but the children will take, though excellent
I know,
For if they do not find you sick, they are sure to make
you so:
I think it prudent, when one 's well, to be pretty free with
physic,
To get well used to nauseous doses against one really is
sick;
But my husband won't, says he, "its best to be cautious,
Besides my dear, I find your poetry a dose sufficiently
nauseous."
Well, as I was saying, I gave the paregoric, and then
strove to rally
My scatter'd thoughts a little, but in vain, for in came Sally,
With Mrs. and the Misses Waddle's compliments, who
would come to tea,
"Oh! I wish they were—somewhere else—well, tell her I
shall be happy to see
Her and her agreeable daughters,"—a set of tiresome
creatures,
How wretchedly they torment one, but I tried to twist my
features
Into something like a smile, and of course we had to get
The parlour to rights immediately, but the floor was so wet
It would have taken half a day to have thoroughly dried it,
So we clapp'd the carpet on as quick as possible to hide it:
I was quite in a quandary where to begin,
There was every thing to do, and no time to do it in:

"O," says I, "Sally, never mind the windows, they 'll be here in a minute,
Just dust the parlour out, and put the chairs and tables in it,
And the silver wants cleaning, and the tea things are dusty,
And the sugar 's full of ants, and the tea a little musty."
We fixed Solomon on the gate post, to keep a look out
For the Waddles, and to let us know, but not to make a rout,
But the goose never saw 'em 'till they were close to the place,
And then screamed, "the Waddles! the Waddles!" till he was black in the face;
I was in a violent perspiration, and quite sick and lame,
And had barely time to change my cap, before the Waddles came;
In the kitchen, things were crooked too, and Sally in a flutter,
For there was n't in the whole house a thimble full of butter,
Except the old garlicky lump, and the cat, a purblind beast,
Had tumbled into the cream pot, and overset the yeast;
The cream had got so full of hair, 't was vain to think of freeing it,
But Sally thought, if the room was dark, they'd swallow without seeing it;
But the butter really was so strong, it would not do to risk it,
So Solomon went, on the old lame colt, full speed, for cake and biscuit;

And things went off extremely clever, the Waddles did not seem
To perceive the extraneous substances established in the cream,
Though Mrs. Waddle 's fond of it, and took a monstrous quantity,
For "my love," says she, "I always found you never have it scant at tea;"
But when she drank her portion off, and a frightful cough succeeded,
I must confess, I did not feel as much surprise as she did;
When all was clear'd away, my husband came, and found the child
Screaming in the dark at the bed post, like wild.
For I had been so worried with the tea, and the Waddles, I forgot to untie him,
And he was so scar'd and famish'd 't was hard to pacify him.
My husband said little, but I saw by his look,
That he suppos'd I had a novel, or some other instructive book,
Or had been writing a little poetry, for he is n't such a noddle,
As to think I 'd tie the child up, on account of Mrs. Waddle;
And now I shall be interrupted again, immediately, no doubt,
So that to write a letter of any reasonable length, is totally out
Of the question, I shall therefore proceed with all brevity, to say,
In a gentle, kind, and conciliating way,

That we have been annoy'd with abundance more than
enough
Of your tiresome old Ephraim: such wretched stupid stuff
Would wear out the patience of an ass, and I earnestly
desire,
If you have more of it on hand, you will put it in the fire:
I 'd have you know we take the paper, sir, and pay our cash
For something worth perusing, not for trash
So wholly worthless, and in short, I think
Your wisest course is, to give scribbling o'er,
Sell all your paper—throw away your ink,
And tire your neighbours, and yourself, no more.

ANNA MARIA COUPLET.

No. VIII.

Having been absent from home for about a week or ten days on a little journey, on my return, as I passed through the village, in the neighbourhood of my friend's residence, exchanging as is usual on such occasions, friendly greetings with every one I met, I was asked whether I had heard of the unhappy accident which had happened to my neighbour Ephraim? On my replying in the negative, I was informed that he had been considerably bruised by an unlucky heifer, which had attacked him in the field; about

half a mile further on my way, I was told he had been severely wounded by a vicious cow, and was thought to be in some danger; and when I arrived at the turn of the road, I learned that he had been frightfully mangled by a couple of mad bulls, was carried home senseless, and soon expired—that his wife was confined to her bed with illness, and both his sons from home. On hearing this dreadful confirmation of my worst fears, and reflecting on the distressed situation of the daughter, I thought it best to render immediately all the little services in my power; accordingly, I turned back to the post office, and sent off intelligence of the melancholy event to some distant relations and friends, and then called at the nearest store, and purchased a winding-sheet, which I put in my pocket; I afterwards bespoke a plain strong coffin, and directed a grave to be prepared, and then pursued my way to the habitation of my departed friend. The evening closed in before I had travelled half the distance; the air was raw and chilly, and the sky looked lowering and tempestuous; the wind, in frightful gusts, swept across my path, and amidst the leafless branches seemed to

"Sigh the sad spirit of the coming storm."

Every thing wore a dreary and comfortless aspect, and appeared to partake of the sadness and desolation of my own feelings. On approaching the dwelling, my old acquaintance Watch, the house dog, met me as usual, with his kind, but rough caresses. Putting him gently aside, I rebuked him in a whisper, and quietly lifting the

latch, proceeded on tip-toe through the entry, with that solemn and mysterious silence so generally observed in the house of death, as if the survivors were fearful of awakening and calling back the departed; and opening the well-known parlour door, found Ephraim in the act of swallowing a hearty draught of excellent rye coffee, while a respectable dish of buckwheat cakes smoked most invitingly on the table, around which his smiling family were comfortably seated. As soon as I had somewhat recovered from my astonishment, I enquired (although certainly the enquiry was apparently needless) whether they were all well? and if any thing unpleasant had happened? and was told, that Ephraim had stumbled in the dark over a blind calf, that was asleep in the path, and sprained his thumb, and that his wife had been a little troubled with tooth-ache. I then related my story, which gave rise to a number of observations on tattling, and the talent for amplification, which is so generally possessed, and some pleasant remarks were made on the kindness with which people endeavour to make the most of their neighbour's ailments and calamities, and the old story of the man and the three crows was not forgotten on the occasion. "Well, my friend," said Ephraim, as we finished our meal, and drew our chairs round the fire, "it seems that the love of the marvellous, the desire to add a dash of the wonderful to the most common occurrence, which is so prevalent in the world, has put thee to some trouble and expense; however, the sheet I suppose may be converted to some useful purpose, the narrow house will keep till it is wanted, and the hole we must fill up again,

lest some one should happen to occupy it before his time; and if this restless, gossiping spirit, never did any thing more injurious, we might endure him with tolerable patience, but he is too often as malicious as active, scattering, with mischievous industry, uneasiness in families, and dissention in neighbourhoods: lynx-eyed to discern the most trivial frailty or infirmity, and trumpet-tongued to proclaim it to the world, while on other occasions, so purblind is he, that he cannot perceive an amiable quality, or a commendable action, although close to his nose: truly indeed saith the poet,

> "On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
> While virtuous actions are but born to die."

"I know not how true it may be, but it is said, that this busy, meddling, tattling, wonder-hunting, pestilent, scandalous spirit, is particularly apt to infest small towns and villages; with obstinate perversity and virulent pertinacity magnifying all the evil he meets with, and belittleing all the good; misrepresenting and distorting indifferent actions, murdering reputations, and destroying confidence, setting the worthy inhabitants by the ears, they hardly know why or wherefore, and raising a wonderful dust about nothing. If this is the case, it must certainly be desirable to get rid of so disagreeable and troublesome an inmate, with all expedition, and I know of no method more likely to banish him, than for each one to resolve to mind his own business, and let that of others alone: follow the example of the farmer, who confines himself to the culti-

vation of his own enclosures, and finds work enough in eradicating the weeds from his own fields, without intermeddling with those of his neighbours; let each one mend one; let him go thoroughly and effectually into the business of self-examination; let him look with a resolute and unshrinking eye into the unexplored intricacies and dark recesses of his own heart, and if he find it 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' if instead of being 'rich and increased with goods, and having need of nothing,' he finds that he is 'wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked,' if he trembles with alarm at the humiliating discovery of his own depravity, his utter worthlessness and inability of himself to think a good thought, or do a good deed, he will feel little disposition to pry with idle curiosity into the actions of his neighbours, or to scrutinise with acrimonious severity, the frailties of an offending brother, but in somewhat of the spirit of that charity which 'suffereth long, and is kind, which is not easily provoked and thinketh no evil,' his petition may possibly be,

'Teach me to feel another's wo,
To hide the fault I see;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.'"

No. IX.

Although it seems probable that the following little piece of Ezekiel's was written some time since, at a period when the goodly work of extermination was going on in the wilderness, yet I venture to insert it in order to comply with some sort of an engagement, but chiefly because it affords me an occasion to introduce a notion of Ephraim's on the same subject; we had been conversing on the rapid extension of the white settlements, and the probable total extinction ere long of the Indian race, when I handed him these lines. "Aye," said he, as he gave a glance at the conclusion, "we may call upon the good and wise to bestir themselves; but if I may venture to judge from my own impressions, it will be some time, in our country at least, before they will feel much of the spirit of exertion, however desirous they may be to benefit every branch of the human family; the recent decision in congress, of what has been, not unaptly, called the *misery* question, has operated on the hopes and prospects of the philanthropist like a blasting mildew on the blossoms of the spring. When I reflect on the wretched infatuation, the deplorable imbecility which consented to diffuse the fretting leprosy, the horrible opprobrium of slavery, over regions of almost indefinite extent, and this too, not only in opposition to the dictates of humanity and of sound policy, but in the case of several of the public servants, in defiance and contempt of the repeatedly declared will of their constituents; I find it no

easy matter to restrain my indignation within the bounds of decorous language. If those who have thus contributed to spread this portentous evil over an immense expanse of territory, and throw away at a cast, and for ever, the redeeming influence of the free states, were really doubtful of the power of congress to impose the restriction, or if they were affrighted at the ghost of civil war and separation, the raw-head and bloody-bones which cunning or arrogance conjured up for their contemplation, they should have resigned their seats to men of more correct opinions, and of firmer nerves. I have no desire to enlarge on this hateful subject, it has been sufficiently discussed; but as it incidentally occurred, I could do no less than express my mortification and regret, and a hope and trust, that at the next election, the freemen of New Jersey will not fail to bear in mind the merits of those who have *mis*-represented them on this occasion. We may not it is true, recall the evil, or undo the mischief, but we may in some measure, remove the degrading stigma from ourselves. With respect to the civilisation and conversion of the Indians, I am not one of those who believe the thing to be altogether impossible; let those who doubt its practicability, read Loskiel's history of the missions of the United Brethren, and contrast the mild, lamb-like deportment of the Indian converts with the brutal ferocity of the white and red savages around them, and they may perhaps change their opinion; but I have no expectation that the remnant of the Indian race will be civilised, or usefully enlightened, by distributing among among them ten thousand dollars a year, which, I believe, is the sum appropriated for the purpose, or by the efforts

of a few individuals scattered here and there. No; if they are ever converted to Christianity, it must probably be in consequence of our setting them the example; were we to become a nation of Christians, the benevolent endeavours of the virtuous few would not be counteracted and rendered nugatory by the labours of the worthless many; we should provoke no hostilities to afford us a pretext to grasp needless territory, that cupidity might carve out new states for slaves to cultivate; but independent of any advantages likely to result to the Indians, I think it would be well to try the experimemt for our own sakes—we should, I take it, be quite as happy here, and none the worse, hereafter. Our newspapers, it is true, might perhaps be less amusing than they are at present; we might have fewer privateers or pirates on the ocean, and mail robbers and murderers on the land; the trade of the kidnapper and slave dealer might languish, and incendiaries become rare in our cities; our *honourable* men, instead of blowing each other's brains out, if they have any, for a word, or a gesture, might be more afraid of everlasting damnation than of the momentary laugh of fools; but upon the whole, I think our respectability would be no wise diminished."

From the blood-stained track of ruthless war,
An Indian boy had fled—
Remote from his home, in the wild woods far,
A moss bank pillowed his head.

His glossy hair was damp with dew,
  His air was mild and meek—
And it seemed that a straggling tear or two,
  Had wandered down his cheek;

For he saw, in his dream, the bayonets gleam,
  He saw his kindred fall;
And he heard his mother's dying scream,
  And the crackling flames take all.

In his feverish sleep he turned and rolled
  'Mid the fern and the wild flowers gay;
And his little hand fell on a rattlesnake's fold,
  As coiled in the herbage it lay.

His head the stately reptile raised,
  Unclosed his fiery eye;
On the sleeping boy for a moment gazed,
  Then passed him harmless by.

'Twas well, young savage, well for thee
  It was only the serpent's lair,
Thy fate perchance would different be,
  Had the white man slumbered there.

His short nap o'er, uprose the child,
  His lonely way to tread;
Through the deepest gloom of the forest wild,
  His pathless journey led.

Where high in air the cypress shakes
His mossy tresses wide;
O'er the beaver's stream, and the dark blue lakes,
Where the wild duck squadrons ride.

At the close of the day in a wildering glen,
A covert met his view;
And he crept well pleased in the sheltering den,
For chilly the night wind blew.

And soon his weary eyelids close,
Though something touched his ear,
'Twas only the famished she-wolf's nose,
As she smelt for her young ones near:

And forth she hied at the noon of night,
To seek her 'customed prey—
And the Indian boy, at the peep of light,
He too pursued his way.

'Twas well, young savage, well for thee,
It was only the wild beast's lair,
Thy fate perchance would different be
Had the white man slumbered there.

But where, alas! poor wanderer, canst thou stray,
Where white intruders shall molest no more?
Like ocean's billows, their resistless way
A whelming deluge spreads from shore to shore.

Their onward march, insatiate as the grave,
Still shall they hold, to province province join;
Till bounded by the broad Pacific's wave,
Their giant empire seas alone confine.

And lo! their missions distant climes explore,
To spread the joyful gospel tidings far—
While wrapt in tenfold darkness, at their door,
The forest's children find no guiding star.

But oh! my country! though neglect alone
Were crime sufficient—deeper guilt is thine;
Thy sins of crimson, added to his own,
Have crushed the savage with a weight malign.

We seize the comforts bounteous Heaven has given,
With strange diseases vex him from his birth;
We soothe his sorrows with no hopes of heaven,
Yet drive him headlong from his home on earth.

As shrinks the stubble from the rushing blaze,
Or feathery snow from summer's tepid air;
So at our withering touch his race decays,
By whiskey poisoned, all that war may spare.

But can the Power, whose awful mandate rolled
This globe abroad, and gave all nations birth;
Can He, the source of being, pleased behold
A people perish from the uncumbered earth?

No—from their slumber let the good and wise
At length awaken, and their task begin;
Reform—enlighten—soften—christianise
The border savage, *with the paler skin.*

Then lead the wild man of the forest forth,
With kindness lure him; to his eye disclose
A new creation—make him feel the worth
Of all industry on a land bestows.

The page of knowledge to his view unroll,
The charms of virtue to his mind display;
And open wide on his benighted soul
The full effulgence of the Gospel Day.

No. X.

I went this afternoon to pay a visit to my neighbour Ephraim; indeed I find his cheerful fire-side so much more pleasant than my own little solitary dwelling, that I am afraid I go there rather too often: however, as yet, I have not remarked any coldness or distance in their reception of me. Ephraim had been a little indisposed, and I found him reclining on the sofa; his wife was preparing something comfortable for him by the fire, and

his daughter, having arranged his pillow to his mind, sat with her work at his feet, while Ezekiel read to him—his other son was engaged in superintending the business of the farm; but when the hour of tea approached, he joined the circle in the parlour with a smiling countenance, cheeks glowing with health and an appetite in no wise diminished by the exercise of the day. When I returned to my own lonely habitation, I could not avoid contrasting a little my situation with that of my old friend. Happy Ephraim! said I, thou hast an excellent wife, and dutiful daughter, to smooth the pillow for thy aching head, to hover with feathery footsteps around thy peaceful couch, and watch over thy slumbers with the assidnity of anxious love—thou hast two manly intelligent sons to attend to thy business, to protect thy interests, and support thy tottering steps; whose only strife is that of kindness, whose only rivalship, which shall be most attentive to thee; each of whom would gladly say with the poet,

> "Me may the gentle office long engage,
> To rock the cradle of reposing age."

And when at last in a good old age thou shalt be gathered to thy fathers, a train of mourning relatives shall deposit with decent care thy cherished remains in the narrow house appointed for all living; while I stand alone in the world, an insulated, insignificant being, for whom no one feels an interest, and whose pains and pleasures are of consequence to no one; whose approach is greeted with no smile, and whose departure excites no regret; and when

the closing scene approaches, no kindred hand shall support my throbbing temples, or prepare the potion for my feverish lips, but mercenary eyes, alone, mark, with ill-disguised impatience, the uncertain flutter of the lingering pulse; mercenary attendants, only, receive with frigid indifference the last farewell of the departing spirit—

> "By strangers' hands, my dying eyes be closed,
> By strangers' hands, my lifeless limbs composed."

Lost in a train of such like melancholy musings, and pondering on the past, the present, and the future, I had suffered my fire to become nearly extinguished, and the feeble glimmer of my untrimmed taper faintly illuminated my little study, when I was roused from my reverie by the entrance of Ezekiel and his sister. The good girl said she had remarked that I was more silent than usual, and as the evening was fine, they had come over to see if I was unwell. This little act of kindness, though in itself no way remarkable, yet coming at such a moment affected me not a little. But I must shake off this gloom and depression of spirits. I am not now to learn that the world had much rather laugh *with* or *at* a man, than mourn with him; I did not sit down to lament the desolation of my own situation which cannot now be remedied, but to exhort the young to get married, to encourage them by the example of Ephraim, and to warn them from my own. "Do nothing in a hurry," is an excellent maxim in the main; but in some cases it is possible to use too much deliberation. In the important business of taking a wife, many a man has

debated, and deliberated, until the season for acting has passed away. An old fellow like myself has little to do in the world but to talk for the benefit of his neighbours; and I would willingly devote my experience to the service of the rising generation. I should feel no objection to narrate the disastrous consequences of my own superabundant caution in the affair of matrimony, and to enumerate the many eligible matches which have slipped through my fingers; the opportunities to form advantageous connections which have been unimproved, in consequence of my hesitation and indecision; for I have now no plans to be defeated, or prospects blasted, by a knowledge of my failings, and no vanity to be mortified by the exposure of my disappointments; but I am apprehensive the detail might prove rather tedious and uninteresting. I may however mention a few circumstances attending my last attempt to obtain an helpmate, if attempt it may be called. I had become acquainted in the family of a respectable farmer who had a daughter of a suitable age; and though I cannot say that

> "Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love,"

yet her correct and orderly deportment seemed to promise that she would make an excellent wife: I was therefore pretty frequent in my visits, and though on these occasions my discourse was principally if not entirely addressed to the parents, yet I kept a sharp eye upon the daughter, in order to endeavour to form a tolerable estimate of her

disposition and character; and as I had in those days a handsome little estate at my own disposal, and was upon the whole considered rather a promising young man, my company seemed always very acceptable, to the father and mother at least. In this manner eight or ten months, perhaps, passed pleasantly away, and I was beginning to think that I might before long venture to address her with a little freedom and familiarity, preparatory to a serious negotiation, when all my plans were defeated, and my visionary castle crumbled into dust, by the precipitation of others. One evening I was sitting with them as usual, when after a little time, the father and mother, on some occasion, absented themselves from the room, and left the daughter and myself together; as I had not the most distant suspicion that there was any design in their movements, and expected their return every moment, I took up the almanac (being fond of reading), and had just got cleverly through it when they returned: I thought I remarked something particularly scrutinising in the looks of the mother, but I believe she soon discovered that I had done nothing but read the almanac. On my next visit I felt no small trepidation, having a strong suspicion of what might occur; and, in fact, we were again soon left alone together—and now the consciousness of what was expected, kept me as silent as ignorance had done before; in my distress I looked about for the almanac, but they had taken it away; in vain I endeavoured to find something to say; my faculties seemed spell-bound, and I sat, I know not how long, in a pitiable state of confusion and embarrassment, until my companion made some remark respecting the

weather; this was a great relief—I immediately proceeded to treat of the weather in all its bearings, past, present, and to come, and strove to prolong the discussion until some one might come in, but in vain. The subject at length became exhausted, and silence again took place, which lasted so long, and became so glaringly ridiculous, that in utter despair, I was upon the point of having recourse to the weather again, when we were relieved by the entrance of company. Determined never again to cut so silly a figure, I resolved to provide against my next visit a fund of agreeable conversation. I accordingly brushed up my acquaintance with the philosophy of Aristotle, and of the peripatetics generally; collected some anecdotes of the wise men of Greece, and not to lack matters of more recent date, stored my memory with a few amusing particulars respecting Mary, Queen of Scots, and of the court of Elizabeth. Thus prepared, I ventured once more to make my appearance, but I had no opportunity to say a word about Aristotle or the Queen of Scots; it was rather late when I entered the room, and I found my intended in earnest conversation with a young man, who had drawn his chair very near to her: their discourse seemed to be of an interesting nature, but they spoke in so low a tone that I was unable to profit by their remarks. I observed, at last, that they frequently smiled when looking towards me, and as I love a cheerful countenance, and smiling is certainly contagious, I smiled a good deal too; this seemed wonderfully to promote their risibility, and my laughter increasing in the same proportion, we had a deal of merriment, although little or nothing was said. How long this might

have continued, I know not, had not my intended father-in-law called me aside, and hinted that as the night was dark, and there was some appearance of rain, I had perhaps better return. I thanked him for his truly paternal care, and accordingly took my departure in high good humour, and the next week was informed that the young people were married.

FOR AN ALBUM.

To scenes sequestered from the world's applause,
In vain the Lily of the Vale withdraws,
In vain to veil, with graceful bend, she tries,
  Her snowy bosom from th' enraptured gaze,
In vain she bids protecting foliage rise—
  Surrounding sweetness her retreat betrays.

So, though o'ershadowed by misfortune's gloom,
  Through time, obscurely may the good man move—
His blameless life ascends a sweet perfume,
  And angels view him with the smiles of love.

PETER'S RIDE TO THE WEDDING.

WRITTEN FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF A CHILD.

Peter would go to the wedding, he would,
  So he saddled his ass—and his wife;
She was to ride behind, if she could,
For says Peter, says he, "the woman she should
  Follow, not lead, through life.

"He 's mighty convenient, the ass, my dear,
  And gentle and safe, and now
You stick by the tail, while I stick by the ear,
And we 'll get to the wedding in time, never fear,
  If the wind and the weather allow."

The wind and the weather were not to be blamed,
  But the ass, he had let in a whim,
That two at a time was a load never framed
For the back of one ass, and he seemed quite ashamed
  That two should be stuck upon him.

"Come, Dobbin," says Peter, "I 'm thinking we 'll trot:"
  "I 'm thinking we wont," says the ass,
(In the language of conduct,) and stuck to the spot,
As though he had said he had sooner be shot,
  Than lift up a toe from the grass.

Says Peter, says he, "I 'll whip him a little;"
"Try it, my dear," says she:
But he might just as well have whipped a brass kettle,
The ass he was made of such obstinate mettle
That never a step moved he.

"I 'll prick him, my dear, with a needle—the steel
May possibly alter his mind;"
The ass felt the needle, and up went his heel,
"I 'm thinking," says Peter, "he 's seeming to feel
Some notion of moving behind."

"Now give me the needle, I 'll tickle his ear,
And set t'other end, too, a going;"
The ass felt the needle, and upwards he reared,
But kicking and rearing were all, it appeared,
He had any intention of doing.

Says Peter, says he, "We are getting on slow,
While one end is up, t'other sticks to the ground,
But I 'm thinking a method to match him I know,
We 'll let, for an instant, both tail and ear go,
And spur him at once all around."

So said so done—all hands were a spurring,
And the ass he *did* alter his mind—
For off went he, like a partridge whirring,
And got to the wedding while all were a stirring,
But—left his load behind.

REFLECTIONS.

"Wake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

To those who are awake—for there are those
Who sleep—and whose repose is so profound
The vapours of this world have so obscured
Their vision of futurity, and thrown
Such midnight darkness o'er the realm of thought,
They scarce will waken, till the thrilling peal
Of the last trumpet, tells that time 's no more.

To those who are awake, and who have weighed
The worth of temporal, and eternal things,
Who view this present transient mode of being
As but the infancy of life eternal,
The morning of a never-ending day;
And this fair world, with all its checkered scenes
Of sunshine and of shade—of joy and sorrow—
As but a school of discipline, to train
The immortal spirit for its final home:
To these, how frivolous and futile seem
The fleeting joys, the transitory cares,
The fears and wishes terminating here.
The idols of the sleepers—wealth, fame, power,

In senseless worship at whose crimsoned shrine,
Thousands have offered, and are hourly offering
All that can make existence worth possessing,
Peace here, and future everlasting bliss,
They rate at their true value—worthless toys—
Baubles of full-grown children—shadowy dreams,
Luring the soul from its high destination
And whelming all its noblest hopes in dust.

Yes, there are those who sleep—as though secure
Their dream would last for ever—beings destined
For an eternity of bliss or wo,—
Are slumbering through the hour of their probation,
As though it were indeed an endless sleep—
Wrapping themselves in darkness, they have built
A wall of brass between their souls and heaven.
And lo! Time passes with impetuous pinion,
Wide yawns the grave, and Death is on his way,
And the last trump may rouse them but to hear
The righteous Judge of quick and dead, pronounce
The eternal doom—"Depart, I know ye not!"

O that these slumberers in Egyptian darkness
Might yet behold the star of Bethlehem rise!
And turn and listen to the still small voice
That whispers to the soul—"wake, thou that sleepest,
Rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

To him who is awake—who bears in mind
His origin, and nature, and the purpose

For which Almighty Goodness placed him here,
Who feels his own unworthiness, and mourns
O'er the sad record of departed years,
The appaling catalogue of sins committed,
Duties neglected—talents misapplied,
Of slighted mercies, and of wasted time;
How infinitely awful is the prospect
Of that eventful, fast-approaching hour,
When all things here must vanish from his view—
What fearful scenes of everlasting moment
Crowd on his vision, and distract his soul!
A fading world—a disembodied spirit!
A final judgment—an eternal doom!
And scarcely hoping that the faltering prayer
May yet be noticed, all that he can utter
Is, God be merciful to me a sinner!
For well he knows that HE, the eternal One,
Hath other attributes than that of mercy,
And that howe'er unwelcome the reflection,
"A God *all mercy* were a God *unjust*."

To him how precious the consoling tidings
That help is laid on One who died to save!
In whom the fulness of the Godhead dwells;
Who, led by Love, to appease offended Justice,
Became himself the sacrifice for sin,
Nailing offences to his cross, and giving
Eternal life to all who come to him;
O! well may those who take his yoke upon them,
Whose yoke is easy, and his burden light.

Exclaim, in tones of grateful exultation,
"O Grave! where is thy victory? O Death! where is
sting?"

O Holy One! thy ransomed and redeemed
May well regard thee with adoring love,
For pardon purchased with thy precious blood,
And mansions promised in the realms of bliss:
And oh! discarded every selfish thought,
Well may they love thee for thyself alone;
Desiring to be any thing, or nothing,
As most accordant to thy holy will;
Lost, like the rain-drop in the unfathomed ocean,
Their souls may long to be absorbed in thee!
Loving, because they are constrained to love thee,
Drawn to thy feet by motives such as lead
The tottering infant to its father's arms;
Loving, because it is delight to love thee;
Believing, though not seeing, and rejoicing
With joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

STANZAS.

When I look round, and see the love, the care,
Of boundless goodness fill the smiling land,
Existence spread through ocean, earth, and air,
And *beauty* lavished with exhaustless hand,
Can I pass on "with brute unconscious gaze,"
Nor with one faltering accent whisper praise?

From those bright orbs, which, through the realm of space,
Pursue, majestic, their unvarying way,
Down through creation, far as man may trace
Of power almighty the sublime display:
All that I see and feel, combine to prove,
That *power* is governed by unbounded *love*.

What vivid hues the floral tribes adorn!
What fragrance floats upon the gales of even!
What floods of radiance gild the unfolding morn!
And dazzling splendour gems the midnight heaven!
What glorious scenes on every hand impart
A glow of transport to the untainted heart!

How sweet, though transient, man! thy tarriance here,
If peace around thee spread her cheering rays,
If conscience whispers in thy trembling ear
No tale unpleasing of departed days,

Then smile exulting at the lapse of time
Which wafts thee gently to a happier clime.

Saw'st thou the worm his humble path pursue,
'To varied dangers, doubts, and fears, a prey?
Joy in his cup some sweet ingredients threw,
But darkness snatched him from the treat away;
The poor chrysalis, in his lonely grave,
Seemed sinking hopeless in oblivion's wave.

But lo! what magic bursts the dreary tomb!
What voice angelic bids the sleeper rise!
He wakes, arrayed in beauty's living bloom,
His new-born plumage tinged with rainbow dyes;
In air gay floating, while the sunbeam flings
A blaze of splendour o'er his glossy wings.

Thy emblem this! for death must quickly hide
This fair creation from *thy* raptured eye;
Thy fragile form, to the poor worm allied,
Cold and unconscious in the grave must lie;
But can the shackles of the tomb control
This active spirit, this aspiring soul?

No! there are worlds, in bloom immortal drest,
Where love divine in full effulgence glows,
Where, safely centered in eternal rest,
Departed spirits of the good repose;
With powers enlarged their Maker's works explore,
And find, thro' endless years, new cause to wonder and adore

TO A, B, C, & CO.

Ye wee bit, crooked things! I mind
  The time when first I spied your faces,
And found—no trifling job to find—
  That I must learn your names and places.

My grandsire, with well-meaning care,
  Bore me to where the mistress she was
Hard at ye—but naught fancying there,
  I was at home as soon as he was.

O 't was a most unsavoury measure,
  To take a weentie, small as me,
From all his young heart knew of pleasure,
  And bind him down to A, B, C.

I liked ye not—I 'll ne'er deny it—
  And did my best the dose to shun,
But scolded, flattered, shamed, to try it,
  Ye all were swallowed, one by one.

For ye are pills that every wee thing,
Is, will he, nill he, doomed to take,
Like measles, itch, small-pox, or teething,
Whate'er wry faces he may make.

And now I love ye well, I'm thinking,
Acquaintance wears disgust away;
Even smoking, hanging, snuffing, drinking,
But few admire at first, they say.

Aye! and at times my bosom feels
Some pity for the life ye 're leading,
By blockheads gripit, neck and heels,
And twisted into wretched reading.

In dead born volumes—never read—
From age to age ye lumbering lie,
Where old housekeeping spiders spread
Their bits of weaving out to dry.

And oft in flimsy novels worn,
Till folk may see ye through and through,
And oft by reckless urchins torn,
For they must have their novels too.

O books! books! books!—it makes me sick
To think me how ye 're multiplied;
Like Egypt's frogs, ye poke up thick
Your ugly heads on every side.

If a young thought but shake its ear,
Or wag its tail, though starved it look,
The world the precious news must hear,
The presses groan, and lo! a Book.

Some busy trifler travels—dies—
Commits a murder, plays or sings—
Makes silly speeches, gathers flies,
Or rhymes—and forth a volume springs!

A host of worthies, stimulated
By hope of pudding or of praise,
Serve up, for stomachs sick and sated,
Their vapid flummery fifty ways.

O, if one half—and may be t' other,
Were fairly in the Red Sea tost,
And left with Pharaoh's host to smother,
Little worth keeping would be lost.

However we may find, no doubt,
Some crumbs of comfort—and we need 'em;
Knowing, we are, though books come out,
Not absolutely forced to read 'em.

Aweel, poor things! ye mind me, too,
Of blessed hours for ever past,
When o'er life's morning fresh and new,
The star of joy its radiance cast.

When dear delusive hope exposed
  Her rainbow-tinted scenes before me,
And those loved eyes that death has closed,
  Watched with parental fondness o'er me.

But hold; we 've doubtless shown a sample,
  Sufficient, of our tediousness,
And now must set a good example,
  By thinking more, and scribbling less.

TO A TOAD IN A STRAWBERRY BED.

IN THE MANNER OF SOME MODERN SONNETS.

What varied charms adorn thy dwelling, toad!
  The breath of fragrance all around thee spread—
Luxuriant foliage veils thy cool abode,
  And crimson clusters shade thy auburn head.

Encircling sweets invite thy dubious lip,
  Soft breezes lull thee to serene repose,
And liquid crystal tempts thy tongue to sip
  The dew-drop falling from the unfolding rose.

Child of the dust, then! while thou may'st partake,
  Enjoy thy blessings, while the power is thine,
For ere an hour rolls by, some hungry snake,
  For aught I know, shall on thy carcass dine.

TO MY TREES,

ON WALKING IN MY WOODLANDS.

Ye laugh, ye rogues! to see me walkin'
  Among ye now, an' wag your heads;
You've heard, nae doubt, there's so much talkin',
  I've got me coal from Lehigh beds.

Aye, ye may see me saunterin' under
  Your branches now without a fear;
I come not now your ranks to plunder—
  Ye may laugh on *another* year.

I like, right weel, to see ye growin'
  Like brethren, pleasantly together
All, sheltering each when winds are blowin',
  Or drouth prevails in swelterin' weather.

I like, right weel, to see ye shakin'
  Your glossy foliage high in air,
And hear the breeze and birdies makin'
  A joyous din of music there.

I like, right weel, to wander near ye,
  When the storm grappleth with your boughs;
And yet not over nigh, for fear ye
  Might let some cracked one crack my brows.

Yes, lads! I'm thinkin' not to burn ye—
The inky chunks Mauch Chunk produces
Will, may be, warm—and let me turn ye,
When ripe in age, to other uses.

I'll not just say for what I'll take ye—
My wife will hang her claes to dry,
An' want twa posts—an' I may make me
A pen to hold the pig an' kye;

An' should the public take a whim
To hang a banking rogue or twa,*
Ye'll no object to lend a limb
For sic a purpose, any day.

Ye need na *all* be hangin' trees—
An' yet the observer might not wrang us,
Who should suppose, from what he sees,
Such wood is wanted much amang us.

Well, fare ye weel; but this I'll tell ye—
If these coal-heavers hold so high
Their stuff, I may be fain to sell ye,
To get wherewith that stuff to buy.

* Several banks had stopped payment about that time.

SCRAPS FROM MY PORT FOLIO.

"Now, Timothy, don't be always poring over them wearisome papers and accounts," said Experience, "there 's never no use in such an everlasting worrying about what can't be helped; but if you must be writing, do write something to the purpose—write to the steamboat folks about another season ticket; time's going on." "Why my dear," says I, "there is perhaps, as thou say'st, no great use in worrying about what cannot be remedied, but these same papers afford me some little amusement, rather a scarce article with me now-a-days; they are mementos of many mistakes and mishaps, it is true, but they remind me also of by-gone hours of quietness and comfort; and when the reality is gone, the recollection is better than nothing; however, possibly, I may write somewhat about the steamboat." "Oh, well then," says she, "I 'll just tell Biddy to let Seraphina know that we shall be in town as soon as possible. I am extremely anxious to see her and the children, and I'm afraid if she don't get word immediately, they 'll be all here first." "Well then, Experience, as thou art only anxious to *see them*, omit sending word, and peradventure it may come to pass without thy being obliged to leave home." "It may peradventure come to

pass," said she; "yes, I suppose it may come to pass, but I don't want it to come to pass, and it sha'nt come to pass—why it will be warm weather directly, and then they must all come into the country after the air, you know; and then what chance, I wonder, will Biddy and I have of getting to town before every thing is frozen up, and the steamboat done again." Seeing she seemed to be getting a little warm, and knowing her to be somewhat tonguey at times, I thought it best to drop the subject, and quietly turn to my writing. This Seraphina, that Experience was so anxious to see, was Seraphina Adelina Snipitoff, wife of our cousin Moses Snipitoff, pretty largely in the man-milliner and variety line: they were originally merely Snipits, but some years back Seraphina, being a great admirer of the emperor Alexander, insisted that Moses should put what she called a "Russian extermination" to his name, and accordingly they became Snipitoffs. Our family name is Goadenough, and its origin, like most others of much antiquity, is involved in some obscurity; but it was probably given to my ancestor, as being somewhat descriptive of his activity in business, and the liberality with which he applied the stimulus of the goad to his cattle, allowing little grass to grow under them when at labour. Be this as it may, my immediate predecessors were certainly industrious, pains-taking, prudent people, carefully looking both before and after, and consequently became well to live in the world; so I am one of those whose father, as the saying is, was born before him; not that I inherited sufficient to enable me to live in idleness, had I been silly enough to wish it, but I had a handsome

beginning, and with the aid of my wife was getting along tolerably well; I say *with the aid* of my wife, for I find that *without that aid*, little can be done to purpose. Some time after Experience became intimate with Seraphina, she discovered that our name had a vulgar, disagreeable, uncouth sort of a sound, and endeavoured to soften and civilise it, as she said, into Goodenough. "No, no, said I, it is ill tampering with a creditable name, and unhappily we are far enough from good enough; but if there must be an alteration, I'm thinking that Gadenough might not be amiss, considering thy present habits."

Since then we have had, occasionally, squabbles on this point, but the matter has never been definitively settled. For many years we led a peaceful and contented, if not a happy, life. Experience, though perhaps her price was not above rubies, was certainly an active, bustling woman; our daughter Biddy was cheerful at her sewing, or her wheel; and my son Marmaduke and I, after moderate labour, enjoyed with genuine relish our frugal meal and untroubled slumber, and we might possibly have passed thus pleasantly on to the termination of our pilgrimage, but for a summer visitation, which our cousins, the aforesaid Snipitoffs, inflicted upon us in pursuit of air. By the way, I may observe, that one might be led to suppose there was in summer, little or no air to be found in the city, and no sun nor dust in the country. Formerly, some over-fed nabob, perhaps, laden with more wealth and pomposity than was convenient in the dog-days, might disencumber himself a little at a watering place; and now and then a

rickety infant, hardly worth raising, but which did not choose to die, and which the town doctors were tired of seeing, would be sent off to the country; otherwise, little was done in this way, except indeed the praiseworthy sabbath-day "incursions," as Seraphina says, of a numerous class, to the habitations of such of their acquaintance as were, unluckily, near enough, and vain enough, and good-humoured enough, to be eaten up, and laughed at. But now, thanks to the all-accommodating steamboat, no sooner can the weather with any decency be called warm, than away they scour—not only the female appendages of the important man of law, or physic, or merchandise, but those also of the eleventh deputy of his fifteenth clerk, are all off in quest of air. But to return: Seraphina Adelina Snipitoff and her daughters were dashing, showy personages, and this important visitation made no small stir amongst us; it is true, the hours they kept grievously interrupted our business, and deranged the regularity of the family. The morning was commonly half gone, and my appetite with it, before they were ready for breakfast; this, of course, caused a like postponement of dinner, and so on to the end of the chapter. However, we put a good face upon the matter; Experience was determined to do every thing genteelly, and, upon the whole, succeeded wonderfully. I remember one morning, among the other arrangements equally judicious, she ordered Sip to tidy himself and wait upon table; accordingly, after some time he made his appearance, his black face glistening with soap-suds, and a bit of white garter round his hat; and taking a chair, sat kicking his heels for a while tolerably

patient, but finding no immediate call for his services, "I 'most think, aunt," said he, "if I ben't wanted partiklar, I 'd as good turn out the cows—'um seems mortal uneasy, somehow." "Turn out the cows," said I, "at this time of day! why have they been left starving so long?" "Why 'cause I had to go down to the squire's to see if Madam Coramnoby couldn't no how lend some silver notions to put on the table while the quality staid, 'cause you see our few dabs be as old as the hills, and battered out of all reason, in a manner; and then Molly sent me over to old Marcy Scrubwell's for a taste of butter, 'cause our'n was over garlicky and saft-like for the quality." "Well," said I, "could not somebody else turn them out?" "Why Molly said how she would do it, but she got in such a fumigation washin' Biddy's t'other white frock and aunt's cap, as 'em might dry agin a'ternoon, she clean forgot, seemingly."

I had sown a field of grain, and it was important to harrow it in immediately, more especially as the weather looked threatening; but in the afternoon the white frock and the cap were exhibited, sure enough, and the Snipitoffs must take a ride, exercise being in demand as well as air; accordingly the horses were taken from the harrow, a flood of rain came, and it was impracticable to finish the job till too late—so the crop was lost. These rides were sadly in the way of our farming operations, but they were at length luckily put an end to. Experience, it seems, had heard from our visiters some hints about the roughness and vulgarity of our family wagon; she therefore made Sip get

the ancient, rickety, brick-dust coach from the out-house, where it had stood ever since lawyer Spinitout's vendue, when it was bought for the sake of the old iron, and they sallied forth accordingly in this "more genteeler ekipage," as Seraphina said; but they had not journeyed many miles, broiled with heat and half choked with dust, looking after "romantical sitivations suitable for potery and skitching," as the young ladies said, when a sudden jolt broke down the hind seat, and let Experience and Seraphina into the box, where two old hens and a Muscovy duck were quietly sitting on their eggs, and which Sip, in his hurry to throw on the lid, had overlooked. The screams of the women, and the cackling and fluttering of the fowls, alarmed the horses, and away they went—and the old coach, and Sip, and the Snipitoffs, and the poultry, and Experience, came flying home, after a fashion seldom witnessed in our neighbourhood.

Seraphina was a voluble, conversable woman, having a notable gift of the gab, as the saying is, and she made free use of her gift. She did not speak three thousand proverbs, nor treat of creeping things and fishes, but she held forth abundantly on visitings, and fashionable parties, and fashionable dresses, and Broadway, and "promenation on the battery," and "incursions on the water," and "genteel sesiety," and "pittyresk sinery," and I know not what; to hear all which, Experience

"Did most seriously incline;"

and the effect of these precious communications was such as might be expected from the wisdom of the recipient. The commendable qualities of my wife were rather accidental than otherwise, and her domestic habits being infixed little more than skin deep, were of course quickly eradicated; gentility and discontent crept into my household, and quietness and comfort crept out; and visitations to the city, and visitations from the city, fully occupied the time of Experience and Biddy; and even honest Marmaduke became infected with the prevailing mania. When they were engaged in preparations to return the aforementioned visitation of our cousins, the wearisome turnings, and cuttings, and bleachings, and starchings, and clappings, put the whole family in commotion. In all this I took little interest; but happening one day to pass through a room unexpectedly, I found Biddy standing with a strap passed around her waist, and Sip at one end, and Molly at the other, pulling in opposite directions, till Sip grinned from ear to ear, and Molly seemed in no small perspiration; and at every pull Experience secured what they had gained, by passing large pins through a canvass wrapper. Now Experience and I are pretty portly people, rather bulky than otherwise, and Biddy, having enjoyed good health and a good appetite, naturally took after us in this particular. "Abomination," said I, for I was surprised out of my usual moderation, "what are ye about with the girl?" "Oh nothing, father," panted out Biddy, for she could hardly speak, "I'm only getting ready for my corsets." "Getting ready for thy coffin, poor simpleton, I fancy," said I. "Nonsense," said Experience; "now don't discourage

the child, Timothy; she bears taking up very well so far, considering, and there 's no use talking about it; how would she look, I wonder, among the genteel people in the steamboat, with half an acre of waist? she *must* be tight; every body 's tight; I shall take up myself a little, though may be not lessen my capacity so soon after dinner." "Instead of taking up thy tabernacle, Experience," said I, "it might be well if thou would take up more commendable resolutions; and as to thy capacity, I believe few think it needs lessening; however, if Biddy is to be squeezed to death, better do it at once, than mangle her after this sort; let Marmaduke put her under one of the screws of the cider press, and take a turn or two with the old mare, and she'll soon be genteel enough!" But my opposition availed little; the preparations went on—the visit was paid; and, when they returned, I was not a little shocked with the appearance of the group. Biddy, by perseverance in starvation and lacing, had succeeded in screwing her waist into a nothingness truly wonderful; it fairly gave me the stomach-ache to look at her; and she carried on her head a frightful affair, as much like our big pewter dish upside down as any thing I can just now think of. She was, in short, so thoroughly transmogrified, that even the old cow, that she had milked hundreds of times, stared at her with amazement, and seemed to be altogether in a quandary as to what she might be; and poor little Experience Seraphina Adelina Snipitoff Goadenough, our youngest daughter, appeared to be nearly frozen: it was a raw, piercing day, and she had nothing on her arms but a strip of rag over each shoulder. "Why, my

lamb," said I, "art thou not almost perished?" "O yes, pa," said she, "I'm all goose flesh." "Ah, my dear," said I, "I wish there was not a greater goose in the house; thou art only a goose outwardly, whereas"—but happening to look round I espied Experience, and did not think it needful to pursue the discourse any further. I have already remarked that Marmaduke had also become infected with the prevailing disease, the mania of gentility. I had suspected this for some time before he ventured to ask me, after some coughing and stammering, whether I did not think he might as well try to get into business. "Get into business, my son," said I, "why art thou not in business already?—a cultivator of the earth—the business of the first man in paradise, and out of it; a business advocated by the good and wise of all ages; a business by which Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, became rich and great?" I had got upon a favourite subject, and might probably have continued the discourse for some time, but was stopped by Experience, who had overheard us. "As to what Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, did," said she, "it is neither here nor there; if they made money by farming, pork and flour must have fetched a better price then than now: 'tis like there might have been a French war, or a hurricane in the West Indies, or a scarcity in Ireland, or something else uncommon, to raise the price; but for a young man like our Marmaduke to go for to slave his life out in raising things that won't sell for nothing, 'tis a shame. Look at the gentlemen that go up and down in the steamboat; they don't look as if they had been creeping twelve hours a day after a plough. No; they follow

something more genteeler, and more profitabler too, I guess, or they could n't afford to be always coasting about so." "Yes," said I, "I have looked at these same gentlemen travellers, and a wearisome sight it is to behold the crowds of idlers continually passing to and fro; and in such extreme haste, too, that boilers must be heated to the verge of explosion, and horses lashed with savage severity, when in all likelihood the sole business of one half of them, on arriving at the place of destination, is to return again; but as to Marmaduke's business, if it must be so, the first thing needful is a small capital. I should not mind selling the field over the road—it is rather unhandy, and might be spared." "Selling the old worn-out field!" said Experience; "and who, I wonder, would buy it? No—borrow at once a handsome sum, and mortgage the farm; Marmaduke's profits will soon enable us to repay it, and we shall keep the property unbroken." This advice seemed to be palatable; however, the truth is, that, whether palatable and reasonable or not, the advice of Experience is commonly sure to prevail. The money was borrowed, and my son established in business, in connection with Marcus Junius Snipitoff, the son of our cousin Moses. Experience was now in her element; what with visitations to Seraphina, and the superintendence of Marmaduke's establishment, she was ever on the go, and her time too fully occupied to attend to her own domestic affairs, which prospered accordingly. However, as to poor Marmaduke, his establishment, as indeed might have been foreseen, soon came to an "extermination," as Seraphina says. Whether young Snipitoff snipped off more of the common stock

than was commendable, I know not; certain it is that the whole soon vanished like the "base fable of a vision," as Seraphina says, and I was glad to escape from the wreck with the loss of half my estate. Having been benefited so little in my own case, by the facility of intercourse and the multiplication of the means of indulging a gadding disposition, it may be supposed that I regard with no particular complacency the efforts that are making to scatter these conveniences over our country in every direction, insomuch that in a short time an honest man may hardly be able to stir about his lawful business, without danger of tumbling into a canal or breaking his shins over a railway. However, I oppose them not; these excavations and constructions will doubtless fill for a time "the mouth of labour," let the pockets of the projector and stockholder fare as they may; and my learned old friend Alexander Scraggletop Barelikit, the schoolmaster—formerly of Mucklestonechoakthrapple, in Aberdeenshire, says, that "anent thae warks, he has nae doot in his ain privat mind but that, by farcelitatin' intercoorse, they may ten' to devilloup our resoorces, an' gie muckle exheeliration to the march of ceevelisation in the oot-lyin' wildernesses."

DESUNT CÆTERA.

1828.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

Mind thy own business,—this perhaps may seem
  Language unmeet for such a page as this—
But 'tis no trifling business, and I deem
  Advice to mind it at no time amiss.

Mind thy own business—thou hast time assigned thee,
  And all-important labour to be done;
Let not the shadows of the evening find thee,
  And this great work perhaps not yet begun.

Mind thy own business—then, as it flies o'er thee,
  Shall every moment smiles approving wear;
Eternity's vast ocean roll before thee
  Serene—and peace attend thy progress there.

[A number of small engravings for one of his young relatives were sent to the author, with a request that he would write something appropriate to each. He returned them with the following pieces, but without any view to publication.]

ON A PICTURE OF A CHILD FALLING FROM A BOAT INTO THE WATER.

Along old Ocean's shelving side
With eager step the plovers roam,
And with parental care provide
For their loved nestlings safe at home.

O'er the blue waters, high in air,
The wild duck squadrons ride the gale,
While others, tired of sporting there,
On dancing billows, joyous, sail.

But who is he—yon wretched child?
Down headlong, from his tottering boat,
To death descending, dark and wild
The waters soon shall o'er him float.

Perhaps, but late, a mother's arm
Was flung in doating fondness round him,
Perhaps her love, foreseeing harm,
Warned him to shun the fate that found him.

O! had that warning voice prevailed,
  Then might he, in maturer years,
O'er many a distant sea have sailed,
  Nor "steeped a parent's couch in tears."

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE SAME SUBJECT.

On the shore killdeers were trying
  To surprise a worm or two—
Over head the crows were flying,
  A dingy and discordant crew.

Peter sauntered by the river—
  Geese were swimming on the tide,
"Ho!" said Peter, "that's a clever,
  Cool, and easy way to ride."

In the boat he got, to paddle,
  Leaning careless o'er the prow—
"Now," said Peter, "neighbour Waddle,
  I'm as great a goose as thou."

The geese would often dip for sweeter
  Grass, that on the bottom grew—
"I can dip, I guess," said Peter,
  "Head and ears, as well as you."

Down he dipped, but in the endeavour,
  Gave the boat a luckless turn,
And (what he contemplated never,)
  Over went his whole concern.

Ah! thought a goose who watched the motion,
  (Perhaps) with no unwilling eyes—
"Thou art over, Peter, I 've a notion,
  But doubt thy being over wise."

FOR A WINTER SCENE ON A FARM.

Winter rules, in turn, the year,
White with snow the fields appear,
In his barn, the farmer now
Views, well pleased, his loaded mow,
And, sheltered from the stormy gale,
Plies the far resounding flail;
While beside the door the kine
On the fragrant clover dine,
Or on beds of straw recline.

Farther off the feathered race,
Seek their 'customed feeding place,
And await their dole of grain,—
Do not let them wait in vain.

Thou 'rt a favoured child of Heaven,
But not *exclusively* its care;
Let the bounty God has given
His inferior creatures share.

But yonder idlers, in the sleigh,
Had better fall to honest labour,
Than tire their horses, waste a day,
And hinder some industrious neighbour.

FOR AN AUTUMNAL SCENE.

Where cultured ridges wide extend,
The careful farmer strews the grain,
In humble hope that Heaven may send
The early and the latter rain.

That, favoured thus, another year
May many a ripened ear supply
For those dear young ones, sporting near
With buoyant kite ascending high.
And to those dear ones, be it known,
Though kites, at seasons, may be flown,
Yet work must take its turn—the day
Must not be wasted all in play.

And let the farmer, too, reflect
That there are other seeds to scatter
In these young minds—and not neglect,
For transient things, this weightier matter.

The seeds of knowledge—love of truth,
And virtuous fame, implanted there,
And nurtured in the spring of youth,
May haply fruit immortal bear.

FOR A SHIP UNDER FULL SAIL.

From the rude plank, on which adventurous man
First dared the waters, in pursuit of food,
Or haply to approach some neighbouring isle,
Whose spicy groves, and sweet retiring vales,
Lay, flower-enameled, on the smiling sea—
From that rude plank to this majestic ship,
How great the change! how wond'rous an effect,
Produced by human industry and skill!
A tie connecting the remotest shores
Of the green earth—a bridge around the world!
Behold! how gracefully she sits—expanding
Her canvass pinions to the swelling breeze!
But should the storm awake, and the vexed waters,

Roused into rage, in fearful mountains rise,
Onward she dashes through the wild commotion;
Yet, mid this elemental war, obeys
The slightest intimation of her helm,—
An object scarcely noticed, yet controlling
The varied movements of the vast machine.

So let "a word* behind thee" govern thine,
Through all the countless incidents of life,
Whenever conscience whispers in thy ear
"This is the way"—although a world should rise
In opposition—let that way be thine.

* And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, "this is the way, walk ye in it," when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.
Isaiah, ch. xxx, v. 21.

ON READING WORDSWORTH'S "EXCURSION,"

London large quarto edition.

WRITTEN AFTER THE MANNER OF THAT AUTHOR.

Specimen of an Unpublished Work, without a Name, written on a Nameless Occasion.

BOOK FIRST.

The book's half ended, and I'm well pleased,
Not with the book exclusively—but that
It is half ended—an unwieldy volume,
Like other ponderous thing, is wearisome,
And this seems heavy in more ways than one;
Now I do mightily affect a book
Of such convenient and minute dimension
As may be held between the thumb and finger,
And read reclining in an elbowchair.

A great book, some one said, is a great evil;
But when the book is half made up of margin,
The evil is in that proportion lessened;
Thanks to the London printers, who provide
A comfortable breadth of vacant paper,
On which the mind may rest itself, fatigued
With the bewildering simpleness that creepeth,
Turbid and deep sometimes, and sometimes shallow,

With even pace through the capacious page,
Like a dark gutter through a field of snow.

And who knows, said I to myself, but I
Might also make a book?—a goodly quarto;
The world is full of readers, patient souls,
Who may endure my tediousness, perhaps,
As well as that of others: I'll afflict 'em
With a few lines, by way of specimen,
And thus they may begin:—I gat me up
And washed my hands and face, and ate my breakfast,
And combed my head,—I use the common parlance
Because 'tis common, though it is improper—
For I did comb my *hair*, and *not* my *head;*
And this I did *before* I ate my breakfast,
And should have so recorded it, for events
Of any moment should be chronicled
Precisely in the order of their occurrence;—
But let that pass. Well, I did eat my breakfast,
And then I sate me in my elbowchair,
And gazed most intently at the window;
But, though my eyes were on the window fixed,
I noted not the outward forms of things,
Or aught enacting in the external world;—
No—in profound abstraction I did gaze
Into the "dun obscure" of my own mind,
If haply I might spy and seize for use
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world:
But gazed on vacancy—for nought was there.
Even so abideth in a barn an owl,

The bird of wisdom, and with look sedate
Watcheth—and he, too, watcheth oft in vain
For the small cattle that inhabit there.
Faring thus meagerly, I walked me forth
To inhale the freshness of the morning air,
And read the features of surrounding things:
So, other wise men, when their homes are rendered
By whatsoever cause uncomfortable,
Direct their meditative steps abroad.

I love not *early* morning walks—I love not
To get my feet wet; and the bard who wrote
The silly trash of brushing dew away
To see the sun rise, hardly knew, I fancy,
What dew was made of, or the vile effect
That frequent soaking hath upon shoe leather;
And yet he was a man who might have known,
Once in his life, perhaps, unlike the run
Of bards, the comfort of a pair of shoes.
Well, I did walk me down a quiet lane,
In which was little to distract the thoughts
Of the wayfaring man, or lead him forth
From deep and dark communion with himself:
It was not a *green* lane—a grassy lane—
And I have noted that at certain seasons,
Particularly in the dead of winter,
But little *green* is met with any where;
Except, indeed, upon Venetian blinds,
And the dried skins of murdered katy-dids.
On either side, and in the midst, appeared,

In proud defiance of marauding swine,
A goodly growth of Jemson weed and Poke:
Now, one who had picked up a farthing's worth
Of learned jargon, would embrace the occasion
To show his knowledge of outlandish terms
For common things, and say, that in this lane
The phytolacca and stramonium grew;
But I, who write for dwellers in the fields,
Write in the language of the land they live in,
And therefore write I Jemson weed and Poke.

O! it hath smiled me—that is, made me smile,
When I have seen an honest man endeavour
To pass himself for more than he was worth
Of mental treasure—in and out of season
Larding his flavourless and lean discourse
With certain words of uncouth, learned length,
Which, like the parrot, he had got by rote.

As I did journey in this lane, beneath
A withered Poke bush I beheld a beast—
A little beast he was, and had no tail—
A toad they called him, and he seemed in years—
An ancient toad, who had seen better days.
I leaned my back against the fence, and stood
Under the shade of an old apple tree
That had been dead for years; my hose, ungartered,
Hung ruefully in wrinkles at my ankles;
And my slouched hat, my forehead's old companion,
Would have flapped mournfully about my ears,

If there had been a breath of air to flap it;—
With both hands in my pockets, thus I stood,
Resembling much a statue, (not of Greece,)
And mused upon the toad—and he too seemed
As he were musing, and that recollections
Of by-gone ups and downs had moved him;
For ever and anon he raised his foot
And wiped his eye withal. 'Tis wonderful,
What curious thoughts, unlooked for, will arise
Oft in the minds of contemplative men,—
Men who associate with the sticks, and stones,
And living tenants of the fields and woods.
Now, thought I, if this toad would get him up
And stand erect upon his feet, as I do,
And, if it liked him, lean against the fence,
This simple exercise of mere volition,
To action moving his somnolent powers,
Might in the reptile work a glorious change.
But how, by what intricate combination,
Obscure or obvious, of involved modes,
Reader, I leave for thy own cogitation;
I do but start a slumbering thought or two,
And they who like may hunt 'em down for me.

By this the sun rode high—it might be noon,
But I did not consult my watch; my watch
Is not wound up so often as it might be,
And might indeed as well remain unwound,
For it keeps time about as carefully
As doth a sieve keep water—but no matter;

The man who stirreth him upon the mountains,
Or in the valleys, under open sky,
Needs not the aid of curious instrument
To warn him how time passes; no, he beareth
In his own breast a faithful monitor,
Which duly indicates the hour of noon:
Yea, more especially if he should labour.
And labour *by the day*, he is most certain
To *hit* the hour of noon *before* the time;
For the delightful intertwined ideas
Of *noon and dinner*, in the labourer's mind,
Like man and wife, are never to be parted.
And why is this? To say the man is hungry
Is to say nothing, or at best, no more
Than that he longs for something unpossessed—
A common case; and wherefore longeth he?
A question this, important and abstruse;
But, peradventure, it may be resolved
In some such way as this: we may behold
In the *outward world* no vacuum—all is full
Of life and matter, multiform and mixed,
Sentient and senseless—and may hence conclude
That, in the *little world* of man, the region
Called in the pugilists' vocabulary
Bread basket, (term significant and neat,)
Escheweth mightily all emptiness.

And further, we may readily perceive,
Within us and without us, all is motion:
One spirit of activity pervades

With pauseless energy all forms of being,
And analogically may infer
That the prime agent in the aforesaid basket,
The gastric fluid, hateth idleness;
And finding nothing wherewithal to work,
Like famished tiger, falls upon its keeper,
And suffereth not the honest man to rest
'Till he hath got his dinner;—I'll get mine.

EXIT.

SCRAPS;

OR, A PAGE FROM MY PORT FOLIO.

Doubtless, we are a great and glorious people,
Free, moral, wise, religious, and what not;
Enjoying heartily, with other comforts,
Opinions most respectful of ourselves.

Yes, doubtless, we are great, and every hour
Becoming greater, like a vast mushroom.
Towns rise, as if by magic, in the forest,
And where, of late, a troop of tuneful wolves
Howled their wild wood-notes to the midnight moon,
Caper the hopeful youth, and fiddles squeak.

Our virtuous and enlightened population
Rolls onward like a deluge, scattering wide,
With much commendable, unsparing zeal,
The tawny, two legg'd, and inferior vermin,
To dens obscure, and deserts far remote,
To trapper and to squatter yet unknown.

Yes, doubtless, we're a wise, a moral people.
Ask ye for proof? and can ye not perceive
The scent of whiskey float on every gale?

Others may boast their floods of milk and honey,
Ours may be called a whiskey-streaming land.
As flows life's current through the human frame
In countless rills meandering, so does whiskey
Flow through our country; but a copious tide,
Resembling more a torrent than a rill—
Marking its troubled and tumultuous course,
By poverty and crime, disease and death.
We kill the nations off to get the soil,
The soil produces grain, the grain the whiskey,
The whiskey ruin, both to soul and body;
And thus we travel the delightful round:
And modern Solomons, who rule the nation,
Wisely decline to tax the precious fluid,
Lest haply they might check the growth of grain,
And raise a frown upon a voter's brow.

Yes, doubtless, we're a free, a Christian people,
Holding this truth to be self-evident,
That *all men are by Heaven created equal,*
Endowed alike with right to liberty.
Doubt ye the fact? and have ye ne'er beheld
Upon our public ways, a group of beings,
Aye, human beings, with immortal souls,
Driven to the market, like a flock to slaughter,
Chained, sold, lashed, mangled, at the sound discretion
Of worthies, doubtless, of superior nature,
Because enveloped in a paler skin;
The dearest ties the heart can know dissevered,—
The parent parted from her infant treasure,

The fainting maiden from her lover torn,
And doomed to toil and slavery for ever.

Yes, doubtless, we're a moral, Christian people.
God hath commanded, thou shalt do no murder;
He, at whose bidding all things rose from nothing,
And, at whose frown, would sink again to nought.
And lo! forth crawls the important duellist,
An evanescent worm, a thing of dust,
And dares his wrath, and tramples on his law.
The curse of Cain is on him—his right hand,
His soul, encrimsoned with a brother's blood,
A friend—a boon companion—one with whom,
A few short hours before, he had united,
Perhaps in scenes of folly and of crime:
What then? he mingles with congenial *Christians*,
Calls himself one, no doubt, and stands prepared
To enact the self-same Christian part again.
Will human laws deter him? Human laws
Were surely not designed for men of honour:
A starving wretch, in the pursuit of plunder,
Commits a murder, and he shall be hanged;
Not so your man of honour—he may kill,
Arrange deliberately his mode of murder,
Become an adept by industrious practice,
And boast of his expertness at the trade;
He shall go free—he is a man of honour—
And laws, and those who ought to guard them, sleep.
O yes, no doubt—we are a Christian people.

FOR AN ALBUM.

The industrious bee, from many a varied blossom,
Amasses treasure of unmingled sweetness;
Alike subservient to her chemic power
The cherished flowret and the slighted weed.
And, reader, thou, though haply not possessing
Her quick perception of incipient good,
Or magic process of amalgamation,
Mayst gather from this miscellaneous volume
Some harmless pleasure,—*may be, something more;*
For, doubtless, here reposeth many a flower
Of purest fragrance and unfading bloom.

But if, unluckily, thou shouldst discover
Some little inoffensive weed like this,
Let it not kindle thy severe displeasure;—
Remember, rather, what experience teaches—
That he who cultivates on all occasions
A disposition *to be pleased and please,*
Is much the happiest and the wisest man.

WOMAN.

Our ancestor Adam, in Eden's fair bowers,
With apathy gazed at the fruits and the flowers;
Surrounded with blessings, no pleasure was there—
He sighed for a bosom those blessings to share;
And the charms of creation were deemed little worth,
'Till woman was sent to imparadise earth.
She came, in the splendour of grace and of beauty,
His breast to illume with the radiance of love;
She came, in the meekness of kindness and duty,
His joys to redouble—his pains to remove:
And he felt, what her presence alone can impart—
The sunshine of happiness warm at his heart.

CONTRA.

Our grandfather Adam, in Eden's fair bowers,
Beheld with such pleasure the fruits and the flowers,
'Twas seen he would soon be too fond of his berth—
So a partner was sent him to wean him from earth.

LINES,

Written, extempore, for a child who asked for an "Epitaph on her Squirrel."

Forced early from his native shade,
And doomed a slave to be,
Here Bun reposes!—death has made
The little prisoner free.

Subjected, from his earliest date,
To every varying whim—
And far from parents, friends, and mate—
Few charms had life for him.

Ye youthful readers, treat not with neglect
This slight memorial—but sometimes reflect,
Ere from its home a nestling you remove,
What you would suffer, torn from all you love.

STANZAS.

Go, take the morning's wings, and speed thy flight
  Beyond the reach of thought--lo! HE is there;
Go, wrap thyself in darkness--tenfold night
  Will prove no covering--HE is every where:
In everlasting blessedness remaining,
Diffused through all things, and all things sustaining.

HE who, in yonder azure deep of air,
  Bade worlds on worlds in dazzling splendour roll;
The abode of myriads, questionless, who share
  The love unbounded of the ALL-MOVING SOUL,
Whose bounty stills the infant raven's calls—
By whom unheeded not a sparrow falls.

His eye is on thee! His, by whom was given
  The glorious mission of redeeming love,
By Jordan's waters, when, from opening heaven,
  On glowing pinion, came the mystic dove.
His eye is on thee! which alike pervades
Virtue's pure path, and guilt's polluted shades.

And *they*—the dwellers in those blessed places,
  The heavenly mansions--whether near or far
From us their station in the expanse of space is--
  With cloudless vision view us as we are:

Man's darkest deed and thought, illumined, lies
In broad exposure to angelic eyes.

And had not power divine for ever barred,
To sorrow's entrance, their abode sublime,
How oft must earth celestial peace have marred,
And angel bosoms ached for human crime;
How often groveling man's insane career,
From eyes seraphic drawn the burning tear.

But though divinely shielded from the intrusion
Of sin's unfailing fruit and follower, wo—
When the transgressor wakes from guilt's delusion,
Augmented bliss superior spirits know:
By *Truth's* own lips has been the assurance given,
O'er such repentant there is joy in heaven.

Then raise thy head in hope, thou broken-hearted—
Tossed with tempests, and dismayed with fears;
Angels, and spirits of the just departed,
With love and pity witness all thy tears.
Thy sighs ascend before the *eternal throne*,
And all the conflicts of thy soul are known.

FOR AN ALBUM.

Yes, I will try to write—though not aspire
To hold high converse with th' harmonious Nine;
All may not haply from the glowing lyre,
With heaven-taught fingers, call forth strains divine;
But all, good-naturedly, in lines like these,
May show the will, if not the power, to please.

All hail, good nature!—more delightful far
Thy joys, than all repelling genius knows;
The soft, mild radiance of thy gentle star
Its happiest colouring o'er life's landscape throws:
Filled with thy spirit each innocuous page
In youth may charm us, nor offend in age.

How kindly, in this world of ours,
Do folk each other scrutinise!
Lament their neighbours' lack of powers,
And view their own with thankful eyes.

Methinks I see some gracious elf,
In want of work, or will to do it,
Take down this volume from the shelf,
And thus approvingly run through it:

"This book is not unlike a purse,
A casket rich with rare contents;
Bank notes, than nothing little worse,
Small silver, and a world of cents.

"'Tis very like a pie—a dish
Composed of fowls of every feather;
Red herrings too, and flesh and fish,
All huddled, heads and points together.

"For vegetables would you seek?
There are a few perhaps worth knowing—
Some tender mushrooms, young and weak,
That hardly took a month in growing.

"And here and there, as a ve-*hicle*
To help along a lagging treat,
Is seen an inoffensive pickle,
Lukewarmish—neither sour nor sweet.

"I would not hastily find fault,
But truth, the cooks are sorry daubers,
Their wretched thimbleful of salt,
Resembles Attic less than Glauber's.

"Besides, a secret let me tell—
A truth found out some lucky minute—
The pie will never relish well,
That has too many fingers in it."

MY SPECTACLES.

WRITTEN IN 1824.

To a friend who requested a few lines on my getting the said.

True, I have got me spectacles, and find them
A prize indeed—they have unfolded to me
Much that was hidden and involved in gloom,
Of the fair face of nature, and my views
Of men and things enlightened and enlarged.
Perhaps M'Allister hath rarely vended
Engines more friendly to the eyes and noses
Of their proprietors, than these to mine.
But though where'er I turn my glassy eyes,
"A wide unbounded prospect lies before me,"
In all the beauty of distinctness drest;
And though I have discovered that the shadows
And clouds, that heretofore appeared to veil
The lovely features of the world around me,
Existed in my visual orbs alone,
Yet see I not (just now) that hence it follows,
That I should shout, into the unwilling ears
Of every honest man I meet, the notions
Which these same spectacles have brought to light:
No—at some future, more convenient season,

I may set forth these matters; but at present
It would be carrying (an unthrifty business)
My hen to market, on a rainy day.
The obstreperous clamour of industrious people,
Who manufacture presidents and cotton,
Hath filled the public ear to overflowing--
The wild Ephesian uproar of the weavers
Would drown the tone of sweeter harp than mine;
The gentle lisping of my timid muse
Would scarce be heard amid the deafening roar
More than the whisper of a sucking dove.
They say I am short sighted—and perhaps
I may not see so far into the moon
As some whose eyes are better, yet methinks
These weaving brethren are as blind as I am,
Else would they long ere this have seen and studied
The ancient history of the dog and shadow.
Yet I may crack a wee bit of some things,
And though the worthy items that compose
That mass of varied excellence, the public,
Are all, with serious singleness of heart
And fervency of purpose, following after
Some cherished idol of their own creation,
Some fancied present or eventual good—
Or, to discourse in less inflated language,
Are minding their own business, and may listen
To my observes with just as deep attention
As the deaf adder to the syren's strain.
It mattereth not—if they refuse to listen,
The loss is theirs—and there are sundry reasons,

Why I should talk—attended to, or not—
As first, the importunity of friends;
But this is somewhat stale, and on the whole
Had best be lightly touched on; and the comfort
That overspreads the overcharged mind,
When it hath been disburthened, is no trifle.
Man hath in general—say minute observers—
Two eyes, two ears, and but a single tongue;
And they infer from this apportionment
Of their conveniences, that he should utter
Not more than half of what he sees or hears;
A lame and impotent conclusion, this—
And far less satisfactory than the following:
That every man may utter, if it likes him,
As much as both his neighbour's ears can swallow,
Else should we witness, profitless exposure,
An empty, idle superflux of ears;
And this is, questionless, the sound conclusion
Adopted in our legislative halls,
Where, whatsoever the supply of wisdom,
We rarely find a paucity of words,
And this is all exactly as it should be.

Go, take thine ass, and hie thee on from Maine,
And tack and zigzag well through every corner,
And hill and dale of this far spreading land,
To that young Babylon they call Orleans,
An' speer at ilka mon ye meet withal,
And doubt not every man will chuckling own
That there are some few simple folk around him.

Well, be it so—these simple folk have rights,
And should be represented—and they are so—
So that whene'er we find a conscript father,
Smothering beneath an awful cloud of words,
A little luckless thimbleful of meaning,
We may conclude he is a simple member—
That is, he's one who represents the simple.
I say that *we* are wordy, not that I am;
We as a people, certainly are *tonguey*,
(I like this word,) and how became we so?
Because we have been blessed with *tonguey* mothers.
"'Tis education forms the common mind,"
Saith Pope—and *early* education does so;
Much of whatever makes the future man,
The good or evil that attends his course,
Is early gathered in maternal arms.
There, with the love of freedom and of country,
By precept and example both incited,
The infant statesman learns the love of—noise;
Doomed, from his earliest moment, to the infliction
Of ceaseless dandling and eternal song,
And when tormented with incessant din
He shakes his lacerated ears, and screams,
To a still bolder and a louder key
Is swelled the nurse's overwhelming note.
Oh! 'tis delightful, this domestic music!
This mingled sweetness breathed from kindred lips!
The wailing urchin's pertinacious roar,
And Job-like mother's everlasting song.
Who hath not listened to the enlivening sound,

In the thronged city, or secluded dell?
"Just as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclined."
('Tis hard to part a couplet long united,
So having used the *first*, I quote *this* line,
Resolved that, whatsoe'er may chance to follow,
The ancient pair shall rest upon one sheet.)
"Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined,"
Saith Pope—who treateth here of English twigs,
Twigs of John Bull, or more correctly, calves.
Now if this holdeth good of English timber,
From the cracked, crooked, and valueless condition
Of various samples cast upon our shores,
Blocks that lie every way, we may conclude,
The art and mystery of judicious twigging
Is little understood, or practised, there.
Yes, these same straggling bulls, and calfish cattle,
Incontinently dropping marvellous matter,
Which tickleth mightily the lengthy ears
Of many a well-grown kindred calf at home.
Yahooish, scattering, with abortive malice,
Dust at a people far beyond their reach;
A people marching with a giant's stride,
To giant empire—in a region, born
Of grandeur worthy of the free and brave,
Whose lowliest peasant holds in equal scorn
The throned despot, and the groveling slave.
Yet notwithstanding the laborious efforts
Of many a vile, and would-be poisonous insect
With noisome buzz, and pointless sting, to keep
The expiring flame of enmity alive;

And maugre all his multifarious failings,
Deficient wisdom, and abounding pride;
I would be neighbourly with ancient John—
He hath some points about him that I like:
Yes, thou, Old England! art a glorious land—
Nurse of a noble race! who have upheld
The torch of Freedom in a darkened world.
Nurse of a host of worthies, now no more,
But whose immortal labours shall enlighten
And charm the minds of millions yet unborn!
'Twas from thy verdant fields, o'er trackless seas,
That gallant band, our virtuous fathers, came.
Yes, we are kindred, and a kindred faith,
And kindred laws and language, should induce us
To form a league, that might indeed be *Holy*,
And have a holy influence on the world.
But there's a time for all things, Solomon said,
And Solomon was no fool; although, perhaps,
Like some few preachers since his day, his practice
Did not keep pace precisely with his precept:
For Solomon found, if chronicles say true,
Time to do much which might have been omitted.
There is a time for all things, and, of course,
A time for dalliance with the Aonian maids,
And a time, too, to let the maids alone.
And he who findeth perched upon his shoulders
A wrinkled forehead, clad in silver hair,
May well bethink him that the hour hath come
When he should muse on more important matter
Than the construction of a lay like this.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Reader, go home!—this may seem homely language,
But if the advice is good, reject it not,
Because it comes not in more courtly guise.
We often find the most salubrious draughts
Are not the most delightful to the palate;
And my advice shall have at least one merit,
Not over common—that of *brevity*.
Go home!—if idly thou hast wandered thence,
Consider well what motive drew thee forth;
And whether, if with due attention followed,
The path of duty would not lead thee back:
And doubt not thou may meet with business there,
Remembering, what will scarce be controverted,
If every home were every thing it should be,
There would be little to be done abroad.
Reader, go home!—go home to thy own bosom!
Commune with thy own heart! perhaps a stranger,
Whose nature it imports thee much to know,
Where haply thou may'st more or less discover
To do—undo—to learn—and to forget!
And in that all important field of labour,
None ever yet employed himself too soon.

But if *that home* is every thing it should be,—
If purity and peace inhabit there,
Then hope to feel, when on thy dying bed,
A pitying father's soul-supporting love,—
Then hope to find, by boundless mercy led,
A home eternal, in the realms above.

"But one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."—LUKE x. 42.

One thing is needful—man can never hear
This truth too often—while afforded breath,
And life, and being—may the heaviest ear
Of deafness hear it till destroyed in death.

One thing is needful—was the assurance given
By Him who came in mercy from on high,
And shall man slight intelligence from Heaven—
A being, sure of nothing, but to die.

One thing is needful—how will those appear,
When all earth's baubles are in ruin tost,
Who know the hour of final judgment near,
This prize unsought for, or for ever lost.

One thing is needful—and, compared with this,
All earth can offer,—all that man may scheme,—
All human fabrics of sublunar bliss,—
Are vain, and worthless as an idiot's dream.

One thing is needful—all that's comprehended
In these few words—eternal weal or wo,
Soon, when some short, fast fleeting years are ended,
In joy or anguish, every soul shall know.

TO J. AND H. C. B.,

ABOUT TO EMBARK FOR ENGLAND, AFTER A RELIGIOUS VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.

Ye are traveling homeward,—home imparts
Joy in itself; but to your hearts
A purer bliss is doubtless known:
The peace by full obedience won—
That peace which flows from duty done,
And from that source alone.

Remote from your green island home,
Your lot has led you far to roam
In regions rude, and wild, and vast,
Where many a fruitless fig tree grows;
Yet here, perhaps, may bloom at last,
In living beauty, Sharon's rose.

But ye 're bound homeward—and possess,
No doubt, the blessed consciousness
Of having done what in you lay
To work His will who sent you here—
And therefore need nought else to cheer
Your progress on your homeward way.

Then, fare ye well!—may He, who guides
The petrel o'er the heaving tides,
  Your bark securely keep
Safe in his favour—though the storm
May rage around, and winds deform
  Your pathway on the deep.

"Be thou my strong rock for an house of defence to save me; for thou art my rock and my fortress."—PSALM xxxi. 2, 3.

"A man shall be as an hiding place from the winds, and a covert from the tempest—as rivers of waters in a dry place—as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—ISAIAH xxxii. 2.

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe."—REV. xviii. 10.

To living waters in a thirsty sand—
A tower of strength to which the righteous flee—
A rock's vast shadow in a weary land,—
To these fond man hath loved to liken Thee,
Fountain of light and life!—but, oh! how weak,
How feeble language, when of Thee we speak.

Yet Thou, whom highest heaven cannot contain—
Who fillest all things, (oh, consoling trust!)
Though throned in blessedness, wilt not disdain
The simple offering of a child of dust—
The broken accents of adoring love—
When the full heart impels the tongue to move.

A strong tower, Thou! to which the righteous flee,
And find that safety Thou alone canst give;
But, Heavenly Father! to that tower, to Thee,
The sorrowing sinner, too, may fly and live—

The bruised reed that healing shadow share,
And living water ever flowing there.

When the transgressor, who had wandered far
O'er the wild waste, the land of sin and shame,
Repentant turned—did aught his progress bar
To that dear, holy home from whence he came?
Did frowns repelling bid the wretch depart?—
Did cold endurance chill his breaking heart?

Ah! no—while yet far off he feebly strove,
With tottering steps, to take his homeward way,
The observant glances of paternal love,
With smiles of welcome, hailed the weak essay—
With mercy met him, and his soul's alarms
Were all forgotten in a father's arms.

O! happy he, who, in that awful hour
When earth must vanish from his closing eye,
Feels full assurance of that love whose power
For the freed soul can happier worlds supply!
To him, resigned to all thou mayst ordain,
To live is pleasure, and to die is gain.

And without this, can aught terrestrial merit
The name of solace for the immortal mind?
That emanation of the eternal spirit,
From heaven descended, and for heaven designed.
What 's man's experience but corroding care?—
In life delusion, and in death despair?

FLOWERS.

"Consider the lilies of the field."—MAT. vi. 28.

Ye beauteous things, I love to stray
  Among ye in your verdant beds,
And see ye shake the dews away,
  As joyous wave your brilliant heads.

I call ye joyous—for I hold
  That ye are joyous,—that ye feel
Delight in living—that the mould
  Affords ye many a savoury meal.

The voice of music birds employ
  To speak the full heart's happiness,
But, in your case, exuberant joy
  Bursts forth perhaps in pomp of dress.

Yes—clad in beauty's liveliest robe,
  To every eye enjoyment giving,
And scattering fragrance round the globe,
  Ye doubtless feel delight in living.

'Twas said by one* that ye have wasted,
Unseen, your sweets on desert air,
Because, alas! by man untasted—
Though bird, beast, insect, might be there.

O, modest and profound decision!
That man alone your worth observes;
As though nought else was blest with vision,
Or system of olfactory nerves.

Pray, how knew he that all man misses
Is wasted on the desert air?—
Or, that the bee-like bird, that kisses
The blossom, sees no beauty there?

But there 's no desert—air and earth
With hum of sentient being rings;
The spot that gives a flowret birth
Is quickly fanned by insect wings.

Yes, beauteous things, I love to stray
Among ye in your verdant bed—
To mark your Heaven-ordained array,
And breathe the sweetness round ye spread;

* Gray's Elegy :—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

And oft, among ye when I wander,
  Will serious thought expand her wings,
And, taught by you, my spirit ponder
  On higher and on holier things.

Proofs of our Heavenly Father's love,
  Who clad ye in a garb so fair;
Ye bid me hope I too may prove
  An object of his guardian care—

Ye bid me hope that He who wrought
  Such glorious robes for fading grass,
Will not cast off, if humbly sought,
  His creature of a nobler class.

And as at spring's awakening breath
  Ye glow in new-born radiant dyes,
So from the wintry sleep of death
  Ye bid me hope that I may rise.

LOCOMOTIVES.

Hurrah! hurrah! away we go
  Without a spur or goad—
Our iron coursers snort and blow
  Along an iron road.

Your noblest steeds of flesh and blood
  Are soon with toil o'erdone,
But wheels impelled by fire and flood
  For ever may roll on.

No load, nor length of way, fatigues
  Our wild, unslumbering team;
A jaunt of a hundred thousand leagues
  Is baby play for steam.

The hills may lift their foreheads high,
  The rivers oppose in vain—
Our smoky *motives* soon shall fly
  From Mexico to Maine.

Then farewell to domestic jars,
  All nullying nonsense done—
An endless chain of railroad cars
  Will bind us all in one.

The goodly dames of former days
  Were doomed at home to stay,
Or jog o'er dislocating ways
  A dozen miles a day.

Affairs of moment only led
  Their steps of course to roam,
And comfort too, was born and bred,
  They might suppose, at home.

But now a feather has force enough
  To send our damsels forth,
For a yard of bobbin, or thimble of snuff,
  To the east, west, south or north.

We all are hurrying to and fro,
  Aye *worrying* here and there,
But where we go, or why we go,
  We hardly know or care.

The western ploughboy hastes to hear
  Atlantic billows roar—
And yankee sailors try to steer
  The Pawnee prairies o'er.

The southron sweep comes in from work,
  "Where 's Mrs. Soot?" says he—
"She 's gone for a moment to New York,
  But will be home to tea."

"O well," says Darky, "then I'll go,
As the cars are whirling by—
For a mouthful of Boston air or so,
And a bite of pumpkin pie."

Could our forefathers quit their shrouds,
How would the good folks stare,
To see their sons, in countless crowds,
Driven on by heated air.

To see the stately steamboat glide,
Encumbered by no sail;
Regardless of the opposing tide,
The fair or adverse gale.

Yet boast we not—the power of mind,
Must onward, onward, go,
Our sons will stare in turn to find
How little is all we know.

But off!—hurrah! away we rattle,
On the wings of the red-hot wind,
And scare the fish, and kill the cattle,
And leave all care behind.

SCRAPS FROM MY PORT FOLIO.

Thomson's Hymn, at the conclusion of his poem of the Seasons, is a popular production, much read by the young, and familiar to most readers. It was formerly a favourite with me, but of late, has not pleased me so well; much of it I think might have been advantageously omitted, and for aught that appears, it might have been written before the Christian dispensation had been heard of; and although this is a subject of too sacred and awful a nature, perhaps, to be much dwelt upon in a poetical way, yet in a work professing to celebrate the goodness of the Divine Being, to omit all allusion to the most signal instance thereof seems rather amiss. The following lines were occasioned by a late perusal of it.

But *can* I muse in silence? Can a being
Though fallen, and unworthy, and encompassed
With evil, self-induced, but yet the object,
Almighty Father! of thy care and love,
Endowed by thee with a reflecting mind,
And power to utter what that mind conceives—
Can he muse on thy goodness, and be mute?

Though glorious thy creation—this fair world,
And countless worlds around, arrayed in beauty,

Harmoniously their several tracks pursuing
Through regions of unmeasured space, evincing
Infinite wisdom and Almighty power;
So great and glorious all! that well might David,
When pondering their immensity, and feeling
The utter nothingness of man, exclaim,
Lord! what is he, that thou art mindful of him;
The son of man, that thou shouldst visit him?
And though thy throne, high o'er the heaven of heavens,
In glory inconceivable, be placed,
Yet art thou mindful of the poor in spirit—
The contrite one that trembleth at thy word.

And these stupendous monuments of power,
Walking in brightness, shall decay and vanish;
For matter, howsoe'er sublime in form,
Must yield obedience to the laws of nature,
By thee ordained, and be dissolved and perish.

Not so the spirit thou hast breathed in man!
The undying principle of life—the power
Through endless ages to enjoy or suffer
The immortality which thou hast given—
Is of more value than a thousand worlds;
Yea, infinitely precious in thy sight!
So infinitely precious as to lead thee,
Even Thee, the Eternal One! from realms of light,
To assume the nature of thy poor, lost creature;
Descend to walk on earth—a man of sorrows—

And die, to rescue from eternal ruin
The guilty hopeless being thou hadst made.

Yes, I *must* muse in silence;—vain are words:
There is no power in language to express
The deep emotion of the adoring spirit,
When contemplating such unbounded love!

[The following fragment—apparently the commencement of a subject to be filled up—was found in the pocket-book of the author after his decease, and is believed to be the last he ever wrote.]

A friendless stranger on the bleak world thrown,
Has stern misfortune marked thee for her own,
Has falsehood fixed dishonour on thy name,
Does hopeless anguish rack thy wasted frame,
Has Death's dark angel his sad visit paid,
Has thy heart's treasure low in earth been laid;
Ah! then how drear the cheerless world appears--
A desert shrouded in a mist of tears;—
Then, hapless mourner, will thy soul incline
To wish the pinions of the dove were thine,
To wing thy way to some far distant shore,
Where sin and sorrow shall disturb no more.

* * * * * * *

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A RECENT VISIT TO "HICKORY GROVE."

Fair home of my fathers!—in seasons long past,
  Generations successive have tilled;
Their honoured remembrance a halo has cast
  Round the garden, the grove, and the field.

Yet fond recollection retraces the hours
  When the swing and the ride could delight—
When the delicate cream, and the fruits, and the flowers,
  And the arbours, and walks, could invite.

Here opened the record on history's page,
  Which the annals of Jersey supplied;
Here the patriot enlightened, the statesman, and sage,
  And the muses, have loved to reside.

Majestic the hickories yet may remain,
  To mark the long years they have stood,
The loveliest verdure embellish the plain,
  And autumn's bright colours the wood;

The maple may blossom, the willow wave still,
And the locust breathe out its perfume—
The robin the grove may with melody fill,
And the garden in beauty may bloom;

But never again shall the rill or the lawn
Its charm to the landscape restore—
O'er the loved and lamented Earth's mantle is drawn,
And their places shall know them no more.

Fair home of my fathers! for ever adieu,
The scenes, as in youth, that I love;
Inscribed on my heart be the changes I view
In the history of Hickory Grove.

THE END.